

IMPROVEMENT ERA



JUNE, 1924

Vol. 27

No. 8

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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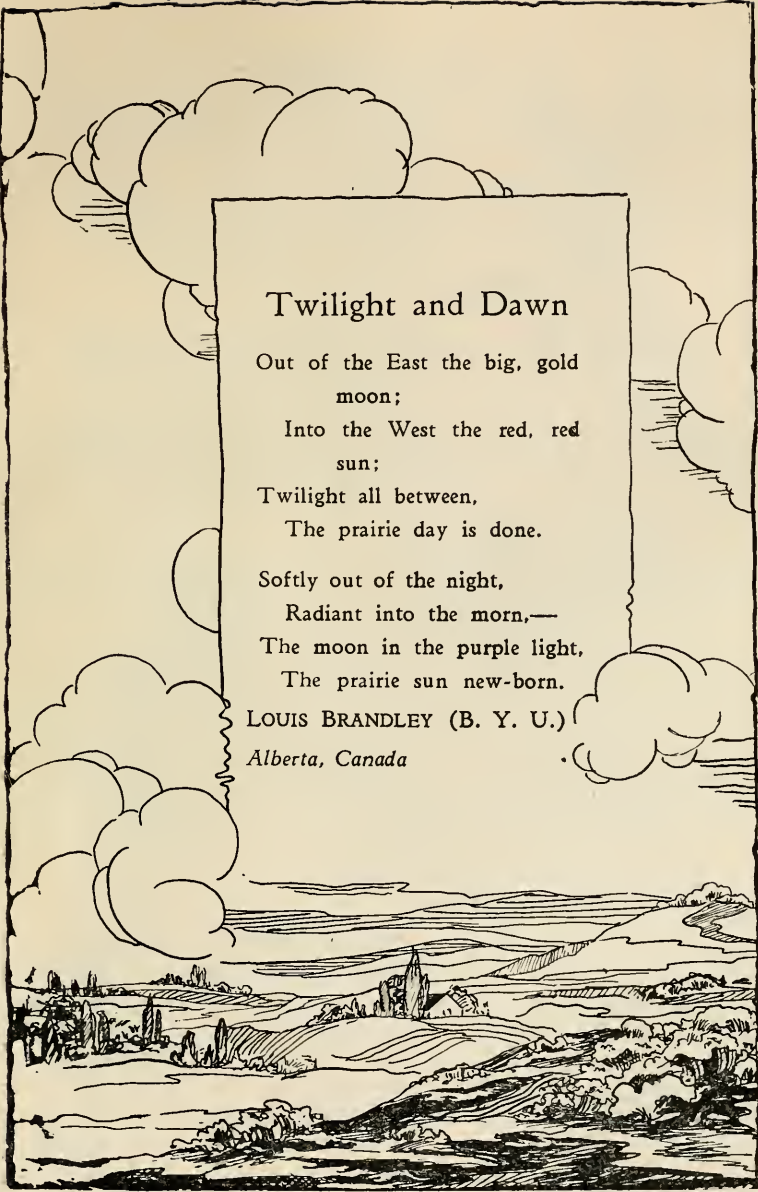
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Twilight and Dawn

Out of the East the big, gold
moon;

Into the West the red, red
sun;

Twilight all between,
The prairie day is done.

Softly out of the night,
Radiant into the morn,—
The moon in the purple light,
The prairie sun new-born.

LOUIS BRANDLEY (B. Y. U.)

Alberta, Canada

The Columbine



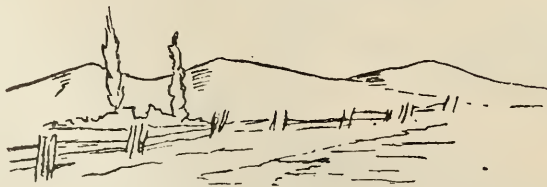
Come to the mountain tops with me,
Where cooling winds are blowing free
Among the spruce and pine,
And we will find beneath the trees,
Like fairies dancing in the breeze,
The lovely Columbine.

On sunbathed slopes, in shady nooks,
And bordering the babbling brooks,
Bedecked in raiment fine—
Cream, lavender, and pink and blue,
With jewels rare of mountain dew—
Bloom lovely Columbine.

In Spring, the modest violet
And gorgeous roses, dewy wet,
In valleys fair are mine.
But to the mountain tops I go,
When June has robbed them of their
snow,
To seek the Columbine.

Then to the mountains come with me,
Where cooling winds are blowing free,
Among the spruce and pine;
And we will find beneath the trees,
Like fairies dancing in the breeze,
The lovely Columbine.

MABEL JARVIS



Decorations by E. M. Jensen

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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AN APPEAL TO PARENTS

BY ELDER STEPHEN L. RICHARDS, OF THE COUNCIL
OF THE TWELVE

[This appeal was made to parents on Sunday morning of the 94th anniversary of the organization of the Church, at the General Conference, and should be studied by every parent and by all the young folks in the land. Each group has its responsible share in the making of a "happy fireside clime," a truly gospel home.—Editors.]

I should like to speak for the fathers and the mothers of the Church and in their behalf say to the young people of the Church:

A Message to the Youth of Zion

Young men and young women, we believe in you; we have confidence in your integrity, and in the achievement of your high destiny. We support you, we love you. I believe if we could make the young people of the Church understand that, we should have gone a long way to hold them to the standards of the Church and to the keeping of the commandments which have occupied in their exposition, such a large portion of this conference.

The Great Obligation of Parents

I was very grateful that President Grant was led in the course of his opening remarks to restate and reemphasize the great obligation of parents to their children; for it is that thing which seems to me, above all others, to claim our attention as a Church. We are depending upon the rising generation to carry forward this great and mighty work. Only a few years at best will serve to see the men whom you will sustain here today as the prophets and authorities of this great institution, pass to their honorable reward. The burdens of administration, the opportunities of leadership must, in natural sequence, pass to other and younger shoulders. So that, loving the work

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as we do, believing in its great accomplishments for the future, we must, of necessity, hold and claim these young people to carry it forward, to stand for and maintain God's work.

I think they need at this time large sympathy from us. When I contemplate the environment in which they are placed, the unusual conditions surrounding them, my heart goes out to every one who must stand for honest manhood and resist untoward influences and maintain himself in accordance with the commandments of God and the standards of the Church.

Unusual Educational Environment Influences the Youth

Do you contemplate the fact that the great education forces surrounding the youth of today are most unusual, that in the major portion they did not exist a few decades ago? There were no moving pictures twenty or twenty-five years ago, and within that short space of time, that great enterprise which produces these pictures and distributes them all over the world for the education, mind you, of the people of the world, and the youth of the land in particular, has come to be, it is said, the fourth largest commercial enterprise in the world. Thousands and thousands every day are subjected to the influence and the education of these pictures. What that education is, you may judge for yourselves. What lessons are taught, you yourselves have seen, and that our young people should respond to those lessons is as natural as it is for flowers to grow in the sunshine, or for vegetation to die in the dark, depressing, poisonous atmosphere of a cellar.

Many inventions and innovations of the past few years have also wrought their influences upon these boys and girls so susceptible to their environment. There has been the advent of the automobile, radios, new kinds and varieties of drama, of music, or that which is said to be music, all of which just as naturally and as inevitably influence and determine the emotions, and in a large respect, the actions of these boys and girls, as it is possible to do. A man can, only with the greatest of restraint and of force, take himself out of his environment and stand against the influences inserted against him in society. It is harder for young people than it is for adults to do that, because their natures are more susceptible and impressionable to the influences around about them.

An Appeal to Parents in Behalf of the Young Folks

In behalf of all these young folks up and down the Church, I would like to say to the parents of the Church: We claim your sympathy. We need your guiding hand, but we need your guidance expressed in terms of love and understanding. I feel that in many instances the young folks of the Church are not fully understood. I do not like to hear them berated, I do not like to hear it said that

they have all gone wrong and that they are all going wrong. I do not believe it, because I believe that these young folks, by right have inherited, fundamentally, the faith of their fathers. They have inherited a disposition to serve God. That is the natural and logical sequence of the lives of the great pioneers of this country who came here to serve him and keep his commandments, and establish his great and mighty work. Therefore, I cannot think that in the main the young people of this Church are not the best, the most dependable, the most progressive and the finest young generation which the world, at least within the realm of history, has ever seen.

Sometimes parents, out of a great desire to be helpful and to warn against danger and evil, assume an austerity that is forbidding to these young folks, and too often, much too often, there is a failure of that sympathetic understanding which makes a bond of union and love between parents and children than which there is no greater bulwark of safety for the young people of the Church. I appeal to every parent in this Church to understand his children. To understand them he must, to some extent at least, participate in their activities and recreation. He must delve into their inmost longings and cravings and aspirations. He must know the things that have appealed to them, and then discriminately, wisely, sympathetically, he shall guide them, guide them in the paths of truth and of righteousness.

Visions of Wonderful Opportunity of the Home

What we need today is an interpretation of the gospel of Jesus Christ in terms of joyous living. The gospel is not, as many of our young folks think it to be, a hard, a joy-killing rule of life. I sometimes think that our young people are dissuaded from participation in the activities of the Church because there has never been given, to many of them at least, the great vision of the wonderful opportunity, the joys, the happiness, the services which are to be had within it. We need to let them know that for happiness, for supreme joy, for those permanent satisfactions that go to make life worth living, there is no course in life comparable to the course laid down by the blessed gospel of our Lord and our Savior. They do not all understand that. They do not all recognize the great joy to be had from participation within our Church institutions, and it is our great mission in the various institutions of the Church, and primarily in that greatest of all Church institutions, the home, to give that joyous conception of the principles of the gospel.

The Gospel a Constructive Program

Our gospel is not a gospel of negation. It is true that we are commanded to eschew evil and to avoid many things which present themselves in forms of temptation, but our gospel is a positive up-

lifting, constructive program, making life happy if we will but subscribe to its tenets and live up to the commandments as they have been given to us.

I think that the Christian church of the world has itself to blame for its failure in really teaching the gospel of Christ. It is largely because of the attitude taken by many of its leaders, whose long-faced piety and joy-killing aspect have never been pleasing to young people. It is said by the critics of Christ that, "Christ is the prophet of the weak; on the contrary, he came to give strength to the languishing, and to raise up those trodden under foot to be higher than kings. They say that his is the religion of the sick and of the dying, and yet he heals the sick and brings the sleeping to life. They say that he is against life, and yet he conquers death; that he is the God of sadness, and yet he exhorts his followers to be joyful and promises an everlasting banquet of joy to his friends. They say he introduced sadness and mortification into the world, and on the contrary when he was alive he ate and drank, and let his feet and hair be perfumed, and detested hypocritical fasts, and the penitential mummeries of vanity. Many have left Christ because they never knew him."

Oh, That Boys and Girls Might Know Jesus Christ

Oh, how I want our boys and girls to know Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of men! How I wish that they would recognize that he is their dearest and their greatest friend, that they may put their trust in him, knowing that he will never forsake them, and that a testimony of his divinity and his great work is the greatest influence that will ever come into their lives.

Brethren and sisters, it is our mission and our duty to give them that testimony, for the enrichment of their souls, and for that salvation, for which we all labor and strive. God bless the youth of Zion, that they may accomplish their high and noble destiny in the purposes of the Lord, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Mother

As I cull these fair lilies, I think of you now,
Of the toil and the care that have furrowed your brow,
Of the sweetness of life that you've rendered me here,
In patience and love and affections most dear.

O what more could I give that would make your life bright,
Than a word that is kind and a flower that is white?
Though its color may fade and its petals decay,
Its beauty's remembered long after its day.

I recall the past years when I knelt at your chair,
Where you taught me God's grace through the secret of prayer.
I remember our hearth and your songs now divine—
Oh, God bless you and keep you, dear mother of mine.

Logan, Utah

LAWRENCE J. SORENSON

ENERGY AND ITS RELATIONS TO HUMAN WELFARE*

DR. CARL F. EYRING,
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Energy in its various forms is the most real and enduring wealth of mankind. To know the laws of the forces of nature, to understand how these forces operate in the storage and release of energy, and to be able to control these operations has made of puny physical man a veritable giant of which Gulliver's tales have no equal. Using only small amounts of energy in the thought process, man has gathered scientific knowledge and now he wields physical powers akin to those attributed to some of the heathen gods. In our day a mere child has at its command the energy of a purring automobile motor; a slight pressure of the foot and a car weighing tons speeds along a highway at breakneck speed. A workman simply by closing an electric circuit sets loose the pent-up energy of explosives and mountain sides crumble with the blast. By a mere push or pull an engineer moves his massive train over hills, through valleys and across continents. A house-wife by the turn of switches floods her home with light, washes the clothes of the family, sweeps the floors, and obtains heat for cooking.

But the forces of nature—the great available stores of energy—in wrong hands can be diverted from their very highest purpose, the human welfare, to base utilization in the corrupting and exterminating of the human race. Thus with man's great physical power comes a great moral obligation. To sense this moral obligation is as important as to seek for more power.

The ancients and the men of the Middle Ages used chiefly the energy of men and animals, of winds and, to some extent, of running water. They knew very little of the energy which has since been made available from heat and chemicals, and nothing at all of the energy carried by electricity. To them power transmission meant treadmills, the moving of herds and slaves, or marching armies. The slave was the machine for all heavy labor. He was never a particularly cheap machine and furnished only a small amount of energy singly, but in mass he was powerful. He cultivated fields, constructed dams and dug ditches. As a galley slave he propelled the so-called "ships" of war. By his toil walls and towers, roads and bridges, temples and pyramids were built. Urged by task-masters to give in muscular exertion all the energy available, these slaves, working side by side in co-operative effort, produced results that were remarkable and, in the case of the Pyramids, stupendous.

*President's Address, Seventeenth Annual Convention, Utah Academy of Sciences, April 4 and 5, 1924.

From the stone age to our present age of automatic machinery the race has struggled to find the means of using effectually its own physical energy and the energy derived from the forces of nature. With the development of science has come an ever-increasing understanding of the forces of nature. One by one the hiding places of pent-up energy have been discovered and these stores have been made available and safe for the use of mankind. Machines have evolved from crude hand-tools of stone to more perfect tools of bronze; from bronze tools to tools wrought in iron; from hand-tools of iron and steel to machine-tools of our present generation.

Thus men were not always to toil as slaves. The controlled accumulation, storage, and liberation of energy—the manufacture of power—pointed the way to the emancipation of man from the bondage of physical toil. Even in ancient times the manufacture of power from gravitational sources by the use of mechanical contrivances such as sails, wind-mills and water-wheels enslaved the forces of nature and elevated a few men, at least, to the position of master. The intelligent taskmaster became the director of energy and ceased to be the driver of slaves.

The invention of gun powder was the first step toward the manufacture of chemical power. Since the sixteenth century it has played an all-important part in war and in peace. Its effects upon the human welfare have been profound and far-reaching. Alfred Nobel, famous as the founder of the international prizes which bear his name, made mixtures of nitroglycerine and silicious earth which he called dynamite. This he used for blasting, and today we blast our way into the bowels of the earth in search for precious metals, and through mountain sides to make roads straight and grades easy. What a tremendous saving in human toil to have a great mountain side shattered by chemical energy instead of having it picked down bit by bit by a pick and shovel gang.

During the last half of the eighteenth century power from heat was made possible by the invention of the steam-engine by Watt. The invention could hardly have come from Watt without the work of his predecessors, Black and Newcomen; nor have been perfected without the researches of Carnot and Joule, and the gradual working out of the great fundamental principle of the conservation of energy and the establishment of the science of thermodynamics.

The steam engine greatly hastened the Industrial Revolution. Before 1760, whatever machinery existed was run mostly by hand or foot and was operated not in factories but in the homes of the people. But the central power plant was sure to come and with it the co-operative labor of the factory system. The people substituted manufactured power for man power and work and workers went out of the home and into the factory where water-power or steam-power was centralized. Thus we had the beginning of a revolution which is still affecting every country and which has modified the very struc-

ture of human society. This revolution, no doubt, would have begun had the steam engine not been invented for man had learned to manufacture and localize power by the use of water-wheels; but beyond doubt the perfection of the steam-engine greatly hastened the change.

In 1807 Fulton's *Clermont* plied the Hudson; in 1829 Stephenson's locomotive, *Rocket*, was a practical success. Thus with the dawn of the nineteenth century came steam transportation which greatly accelerated the factory system, effected a virtual shrinkage of the world, and brought about a closer contact of mankind. Water-power was not always available, for it was often located far from the centers of population, but now with the introduction of steam transportation the energy stored in coal could be transported to desirable locations, released, and part of it transferred to machinery which thus energized would become the handmaid of toil. This transporting of coal from mine to factory was a great step forward in energy transfer. Man was soon to learn, however, that energy could be transferred with lightning speed:

"Who could have imagined," asks Helmholtz, "when Galvani observed the twitching of the frog muscles as he brought various metals in contact with them, that eighty years later Europe would be overspun with wires which transmit messages from Madrid to St. Petersburg with the rapidity of lightning, by means of the same principle whose first manifestations this anatomist then observed."

The first telegraph line between cities was installed between Baltimore and Washington, in 1844; the first transatlantic cable was laid in 1856; in 1876, Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone. Thus the researches of such men as Volta, Oersted, Ampere, Faraday, Henry, Morse, and Bell have added greatly to the human welfare, for who can deny the value of these almost instantaneous methods of communicating around the world.

In 1886 Heinrich Hertz, testing experimentally the theoretical deductions of Maxwell, proved that it was possible to produce artificially, by means of electric discharges between spheres, ether waves which travel with the velocity of light and which are in every respect, except wave-length, identical with light-waves, their wave-lengths being very much longer than light-waves. These Hertzian waves, the so-called wireless waves, are now used as the carriers of all radio messages. Through the agency of this modern invention man's knowledge at a given instant of what is going on in the world has marvelously increased, and, therefore, this new method of energy utilization is most useful in promoting international understanding and good-will. Secretary Hoover says, "There has been no parallel to the development of the air (ether) as a means of communication, since the invention of printing. The radio is the handmaiden of the printer. The government will see that nothing happens in the ether to interfere with or hamper the future."

Since 1831, when Michael Faraday discovered that electricity can be generated by moving a wire in the neighborhood of a magnet, there has been a steady development of dynamo-electric machinery. The General Electric Company now builds steam turbine generators of 80,000 horse power. One of these giants could generate enough power to run all the street cars in twelve cities as large as Salt Lake City. Ten could light a street as bright as Broadway running around the world.

Water-power, or steam power as such must be used where it is manufactured. The fuel which supplies the energy of steam may be transported, hence steam-power is more flexible than water power. With the advent of the manufacture of electric power, however, came the real flexibility of energy transmission. Energy of running water or of expanding steam is transferred by use of an electric generator to the electrons of a conducting metal. These energized electrons pass their energy along the conductor with lightning speed. Energy absorbed by the power line in the canyon, or at the great central power-plant, is delivered on demand at the far away city.

Electric power transmission has been developed during the last thirty-five years. It is interesting to note that the first successful commercial high pressure alternating current power transmission was established in San Miguel County, Colorado, during the winter of 1890 by L. L. Nunn and P. N. Nunn. It is said that when the report was made in the east that one hundred horsepower was being successfully transmitted over three miles of number three copper wire, with less than five per cent loss, it was received with incredulity. Incredible as this may have seemed, power is transmitted today at much greater pressures and for much greater distances. Between Grace, Idaho, and Salt Lake City, a distance of 134 miles, power is transmitted at the pressure of 130,000 volts.

With the development of methods of generating electric power and its efficient transmission has come a gradual development of electric appliances. The carbon filament incandescent lamp, invented by Edison, has been followed by the metallized carbon filament lamp, the tantalum lamp, the tungsten lamp, and the gas-filled tungsten lamp. The first Edison commercial lamps gave a mean efficiency of 1.1 lumens per watt, the modern 100 watt gas-filled tungsten lamp has a mean efficiency of 11.8 lumens per watt. All will agree that the energy of the waterfall which is transferred through the hydro-electric power plant, along miles of wire, to electric lamps in city streets and homes adds greatly to the joy and efficiency of the human race.

So flexible is the distribution of electric power that the housewife is also being freed from the toil of her home. The energy which a moment before was on moving water is now used to sweep floors, wash clothes, and turn the sewing machine. Manufacturing went

from the home to the factory where energy was located; it will never return, but it is with a good deal of satisfaction that we witness the coming of manufactured power into the home to relieve it of its burdens.

For nearly a century the steam-engine was without a rival as a thermodynamic engine. Many attempts had been made to construct other kinds of engines which would more directly convert the energy of fuel to mechanical power. In 1876 the internal combustion engine as improved by Otto became a practical success. As the prime mover of the "horseless carriage" it has become a very important agency of the human welfare. The automobile was accepted by the public almost over night. It virtually burst into being as a human want, and is making of the American people a race of travelers. The man of ordinary means can now take his family out for a spin, traveling hundreds of miles and returning home for the night. Space for the average man is now greatly shortened; the narrow vista of his place of work is extended to the fields of labor of his fellows. Yesterday his neighbors were the people just over his property line, today neighbors live across country and state lines. The joining together of peoples by this simple method of rapid travel has made possible the idea that even the towns of a county might well be incorporated as a city.

This is the century of the automatic machine. With such devices the energy of coal, oil, gasoline, or moving water becomes more and more important to industry; and the toil of common labor becomes less and less important. The countries which own these stores of energy are rich indeed, the men who get control of these natural resources are sure of wealth. So precious is coal that in Europe the Ruhr is now the seat of racial animosity; so valuable is oil that the lust for it has caused men to turn from the duties of high office.

The manufacture of power from the energy of these natural resources has certainly emancipated mankind from the bondage of toil, but the automatic machine has enslaved his mind. "Machine-tools," says Lloyd, "may be classified in two main groups: those which lengthen and strengthen the arm of the worker without displacing his will as the vital function of work, and those whose principal function is to supplant the worker, or to reduce his function to a minimum." With the first type of machine-tool the worker becomes a veritable giant, as he manages a great steam shovel. In the second type, he feeds the machine with material and he relieves it of produce—the monotony of the work is killing.

In his book, *The Iron Man in Industry*, Arthur Pound says:

"The attendant of automatic tools does not live while he is on the job; he exists, against the time when he can begin to live, which is when he leaves the shop. His task does not call for a fraction of his full powers as a sentient being, or monopolize his interest. If he could buy the same amount of well-financed leisure as easily in any other way, he would shift jobs tomorrow. It is impossible for him to grow mentally through his work. So he comes to his post as a slave to the galley, and leaves it with

the gladness of a convict escaping prison. The hours given to tending automatic machines are given to buy leisure, and in that leisure the operative lives."

This social maladjustment does not imply that the men of science should not search for new sources of energy, nor is it possible that the solution of the problem will be the elimination of the automatic machine. If new sources of energy are found, or if the ones we have are used to better advantage, if machines are made more nearly automatic so that the energy supply can be turned automatically into the wealth of the finished product, then, by virtue of a just distribution of the great wealth which thus comes as a gift from nature, the tender of the automatic machine, if properly schooled in the use of his leisure time, can enjoy life as he should for he will be paid well and the number of his working hours will be reduced. If we can be assured of a social and economic order that will work out a just distribution of wealth, anything the scientist can do to tap the energy lying dormant or unused in nature will certainly be for the human welfare. Where shall we seek for these hidden treasures?

Coal beds, petroleum, and natural gas are merely the result of sun light energy stored up from the plant and animal life of former geological periods. These great stores of energy should impress us with the importance of photo-chemical synthesis. The action of the sun rays upon the chlorophyl, or green matter of plant leaves, causes a most subtle locking up of energy. Surely we shall push our knowledge of photochemical action beyond the art of making photographs. The future will certainly bring scientists and engineers who will teach us how to emulate nature in her synthesis of carbohydrates in plant life. The equipment for such an enterprise will utilize large exposed surfaces to absorb the rays of light and a circulation system for rapidly separating the formed products as fast as they are developed. These products or their derivatives (alcohols) will be used in heat engines which transferring their energy to great electric generators will furnish energy to the centers of population.

But why not look forward to a direct transfer of energy from light-waves to electric currents? It is not too unscientific to dream of a time when in the midst of our deserts great power plants will be built with tenacles stretching their large surfaces over desolate wastes to gather the energy from the scorching sun—about one-fourth of a horse power per square foot. From these centers of power on high tension lines—higher voltages than we now use—the electric energy will be distributed to the temperate zone where people live in large cities and where clouds so often darken the sky. What foundation is there for a rational faith in these day-dreams? Already the question has been partly answered by recounting the developments of manufactured power; but a more conclusive answer is to be found in a consideration of the scientific developments of the last ten years. Dr. R. A. Millikan writes:

"So stupendous has been our advance in physical methods during the past forty years, and especially during the last ten years, that instead of being now limited to the extraordinary narrow range of perception with which nature endowed us when she made our eyes, and which was about all we had as late as forty years ago, we have improved continually upon nature, until we are now in a position to read any ether messages that may come to us in practically any frequency whatever from the limit 0 on one side to the limit 1,000,000,000 per centimetre, or 30 billion billions per second, which is the rate at which electrons which are closest to the nucleus of the heaviest of all known atoms, the uranium atom, are sending out their inconceivably shrill notes. It is this advance which has been responsible for most of the extraordinary increase in our knowledge of the physical foundations of the universe in which we live. It is chiefly by listening to the notes which the electrons within atoms omit that we have learned not only how many electrons are in the different kinds of atoms—that was Moseley's discovery—but also where the different electrons are."

The other messages of which Dr. Millikan speaks tell us that there are just 92 elements; that these elements are built up of positive and negative electricity, protons and electrons; that each atom has a positively charged nucleus of minute size surrounded at a considerable distance by the number of electrons requisite to maintain the structure electrically neutral; that the nucleus is composed of both protons and electrons; and that the elements differ from each other only by the number of free positive charges on the nucleus, the excess of protons over electrons. The atom of hydrogen, the lightest element, consists of one proton as nucleus with one electron at a considerable distance from it—a miniature solar system with a single planet. The uranium atom, the element with greatest atomic weight, contains a nucleus made up of 238 protons and 146 electrons and at varying distances from the nucleus, as planets in a solar system, there are 92 electrons. Fractional atomic weights (such as, 35.5 for chlorine) are now explained as being caused by a mixture of isotopes, substances having identical chemical properties due to the same number of free charges on the nucleus, but having different atomic weights because of the extra pairs of protons and electrons which add mass to the nucleus but do not add free charge to it. The mass of the proton is about two thousand times the mass of the electron, hence the weight of an atom is almost exactly the weight of one proton times the number of protons in the atomic nucleus. From all this it is clear that there are only two primordial elements, protons and electrons; that is, matter is simply an orderly aggregation of positive and negative electricity.

Using the conception of matter as here outlined, Bohr has constructed an atomic model which, when used with the quantum theory of energy radiation—energy radiated not in a continuous stream but in bundles—beautifully explains and correlates the many heretofore discordant experimental data of apectroscopy. Thus we are beginning to understand the relation between radiant energy and the electron, the knowledge so necessary in the realization of our "day-dream."

We know that when light of short enough wave-length falls

upon matter it causes the ejection of electrons—the so-called photo-electric effect. Though the interpretation of this phenomenon is not yet satisfactory, its complete solution will no doubt be tied up with the problem of the conduction of electricity in metals by the so-called free electrons, with contact electricity discovered by Volta, and with the “boiling” of electrons out of a metal by heat, and the pulling of them out by strong electrical fields. It may be that when these matters are cleared up, when we know much more about radiant energy and its relationship to the electron, we may find a way to hitch the energy of the light-wave to the conduction electron and thus produce electric currents. If the physicist can do this then the engineer and capitalist can begin to make our “day-dream” come true.

Since all atoms are built out of the two entities, positive and negative electricity, and differ from each other only by the number of free positive charges on the nucleus, one might expect the elements to be transmutable. As a matter of fact, nature is making these transmutations in her laboratory. Very recent investigations indicate that radio activity is not confined to the so-called radio active substances, but is a property to a very small extent of most if not all elements. So far as we know the transmutation on this earth is from the heavier to the lighter atom, yet on the stars, in laboratories of the Creator, we think we have evidence that transmutation is going in the direction of the lighter atom to the heavier.

But what of the artificial transmutation of the elements? For more than three years, Rutherford (Cambridge University, England) has been breaking down so-called elements by bombarding the nuclei of the atoms with high velocity helium nuclei—alpha-particles. It appears that in some cases the kinetic energy of the ejected fragments is greater than that of the bombarding particles. This means that these bombardments are able to release energy which is stored in the nuclei of atoms. The results of Rutherford indicate that by operating at six million volts one could with the daily expenditure of 600,000 H. P. disintegrate the nuclei of three cubic feet of nitrogen and obtain thereby not only the recovery of the 600,000 H. P., but also approximately 80,000 H. P. in addition. It may be that we are soon to enter upon a new age, the age of subatomic power; time alone can tell.

All this means that the men of science must continue their diligent efforts in search for the more perfect use of the now available sources of power and for new and illimitable stores of energy. The engineer must put this energy into automatic machines which will manufacture the physical needs of the race. The excessive wealth derived therefrom—nature’s gift to man—must be distributed justly—a problem for the economist. “As machines come to do more and more of the necessary work of the world,” says Pound, “the right use of leisure as an antidote for sloth and luxuriousness and as a means

of mental, moral, and physical health becomes essential to national vigor." This problem the social and religious worker must attack with vigor.

Let us hope for an illimitable supply of energy, to be used with efficiency and sound judgment, but let us see to it that nature's gift shall not fall into the lap of greed, but be controlled by the benevolent hands of a people who have found God.

Provo, Utah

A Storm in the Wasatch Mountains

(A page from the poem, "In the Temples of the Great Outdoors.")

A cloud, that lingered like a shade
 All morning in its ambushade,
 An embryo of latent wrath
 Ordained to sweep the milky path—
 Above the clear horizon broke
 Like a Vesuvius of smoke,
 And, like a midnight shadow, bent
 Along the startled firmament.
 The murky chamber overhead
 Hung like a rayless sheet of lead,
 Save when the tempest pierced the night
 With zigzag rivulets of light
 That flashed across the sounding-board
 Of heaven like a leaping sword,
 Then died away to intervene
 With deaf'ning thunder peals between.
 We heard the bestial thunder roll,
 Reel 'round the rocky canyon bowl
 And down the misty mountain moan
 A miracle in monotone.
 Concussions in the overspace
 Shook cringing earth from peak to base.
 A keen, chaotic wind, a-leap,
 Ran riot through the woodland deep,
 And frenzied trees, with twisting forms,
 Whipped the wild air with frantic arms.
 The fury broke on hill and dale—
 An avalanche of rain and hail,
 Redoubled in the roaring blast
 And rocked the country as it passed.
 Then suddenly a stream or two
 Of golden glory filtered through.
 Like ice upon a crusted lake,
 That wind and current join to break,
 The cloud divided, paled and thinned
 In the wide channel of the wind
 And, like a shipwreck, sank from view
 In the deep boundless sea of blue.

THEODORE E. CURTIS

HEROES OF SCIENCE

I.—Liebig

BY PRES. F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT,
OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

"If we sum up in our minds all that Liebig did for the good of mankind, in industries, in agriculture, and in the laws of health, we may confidently assert that no other man of learning, in his course through the world, has ever left a more valuable legacy behind him."

Perhaps this statement made by von Hofmann is a little too enthusiastic, but be that as it may, the student of agriculture knows that he was the first one to correctly explain how plants grow and how we may increase crop yields by the use of fertilizers. Students of nutrition recognize that he was the first one to give us a firm foundation for judging the value of either human or livestock foods. All of the industries depending on the products of organic chemistry are likewise indebted to Liebig. We thus see that almost every phase of our lives has been influenced by the work of this investigator.

A study of the life of Liebig indicates it to have been filled to the brim with activity. He was born in Germany in 1803 just when the principles of chemistry were beginning to be understood. His father being a dealer in dye-stuffs, Liebig early developed an interest in the experimental mixing of dyes in the laboratory. So interested was he in chemistry that he neglected his ordinary schooling to study books on this subject.

By the age of fifteen Liebig had determined to become a chemist, and his father sent him to a neighboring town to learn to be a pharmacist. He was denied the very privilege he thought he would have in the pharmacy—that of experimenting in chemistry. However, on his own initiative after work when most boys would have been out playing, many experiments were carried on during the ten months he spent there and so many explosions and other mishaps did he have while experimenting that his employer was glad when he left.

Next he entered the University at Bonn in the hopes that he could do the experimenting he wished, but was disappointed to find that there were neither laboratories nor really fundamental courses in chemistry. Soon he went to another university where conditions were somewhat better, although no experimentation was possible. However, he became known here as an exceptionally brilliant chemistry student and when, at the age of 19, he obtained his degree, a grand duke provided the means for him to study chemistry in Paris where the greatest chemists of the day were located.

Liebig had a charming personality which soon won for him the warm friendship of some of these world renowned chemists and he

was soon delighted to be offered the privilege which he had so long desired, of working in the laboratories. His experience here was a great aid to him when he later had a laboratory of his own.

Following his experience in Paris, he was given a professorship in the dull, little town of Giessen, Germany. Here his thorough education and training soon won for him a wide reputation. Students from all over the world came flocking to study chemistry under him. Several of his students afterward became world renowned.

Almost as soon as Liebig settled in Giessen he persuaded the government officials to do an unusual thing—build a laboratory for research in chemistry. While this was an unprecedented move, it was probably the most worthy thing these officials ever did because it stirred up an interest in chemistry which soon spread over all Germany, and chemistry was one of the big factors in building up the industries of that country.

Before Liebig's time chemistry was looked upon somewhat the same as palmistry is today. It was a mysterious art which grew out of alchemy. After his time it was seen that thousands of chemical processes are going on about us. He brought to the attention of even the common people the fact that every time we breathe we are bringing chemical substances into the body and carrying off the new chemical compounds made by it. From his analyses of the waste products he demonstrated that the foods taken into the body are burned the same as they would be in a fire. This idea was strongly opposed by the medical men of his time, but Liebig had the facts and stuck to his opinion until it was accepted by the whole world.

Before Liebig's work began, medicine was compounded almost as crudely as the feed for livestock is proportioned today. He introduced scientific chemical methods by which the proportions can be mixed with exactness by any pharmacist. His analytic methods for organic chemistry helped to make possible the use of specific curative substances rather than the numerous herbs used formerly with uncertain results.

It was because Liebig looked for the big fundamentals of any problem that he accomplished so much in a relatively short time. Almost from childhood he had been mastering the fundamentals of chemistry, and when it came time for him to teach and experiment he was not bothered by the little details of method; he looked for the big principles which governed more than a single point. It was through this larger point of view that he became the real father of organic chemistry.

While others were busily engaged philosophizing on whether the humus theory of soil fertility was correct, Liebig decided to learn the facts first hand. He analyzed the plants, the air, and the soil and immediately put the results into the theory of soil fertility which still holds sway. But he was not satisfied with merely theory from chemical analyses, he wanted to know how the theory worked out in prac-

tice. He induced wealthy men to start agricultural experiment stations which have proved of such great value to practical agriculture. Modern scientific agriculture really dates back to 1840, the year when Liebig wrote his great paper which for the first time in the history of the world gave a clear understanding of the way in which the plant secures its food from the soil and the air.

Liebig was very jealous for the safety of chemistry. He was always ready to defend this science from the attacks of those who tried to bring ridicule upon it. He performed innumerable experiments of great value purely to prove the truth of facts which had not been adequately backed. He wrote great volumes of papers explaining the facts he had discovered and defending his beloved science. Most men of science produce no more than a few dozen scientific papers, but Liebig wrote at least 318 himself and many more in collaboration with other scientists. His work shows what can be accomplished by a single individual without special facilities, if he only possesses sufficient determination and industry.

Provo, Utah

Mother

Her eyes glow bright with clear soft light,
A lambent flame of love;
They call anew: let all be true
And conquer wrong with right.
They cheer the brave, give strength to save
Some weaker soul from sin,
'Neath mother's eye each child will try
The best in life to win.

In all the lands 'tis mother's hands
That guide the world aright,
They help to bear each load of care
And loosen Satan's bands.
They guard the way, that souls who stray
While in their tender youth,
May upward move and faithful prove
And cleave to light and truth.

From heav'n above comes mother's love
To teach man how to live;
To whisper cheer, dispel his fear
And all his sins reprove;
Till he in turn may live and learn
To work and mould this clod,
And 'bide the hour when love's sweet power
Shall lift it up to God.

Phoenix, Arizona

M. A. STEWART



MY LITTLE GROSBEAK NEIGHBOR

BY WRENO BOWERS

I was riding along an old logging-road one evening, at that exquisite hour of the day when nature and the heart of man seem all compounded of peace. Before me the sinking sun gilded the western clouds, and the air filled suddenly with that marvelous soft, clear gleam that precedes the spring and summer twilight. On either side of the road, hiding among the green shadows of the wild tangle, the little shy woodlanders peeped out at me, or paused to regard me curiously as I rode past.

Everywhere the air pulsed with spring-time jubilation. Thrushes were singing wondrously sweet, and from every dusky covert the piping flute of the song sparrow rang out strong and beautiful. Wrens, chickadees, bluebirds, catbirds, warblers, and now and then rarer visitants, all joined in the vesper symphony; announcing the peace and gladness of the wilderness in every breast. As I passed through a woodsy dell, I loitered to watch the cool purple shadows creep down the western mountain into the little wild valley, and to listen to the celebrated bird music. Now, all up and down the canyon, the leafy groves tinkled with the lively chattering and spirited songs; the most delicate, the most musical, the most ecstatic and purest sound in all the world.

Presently, among that ecstatic confusion of songs, I heard a new bird note, wonderfully clear and sweet. The song came from a distance, but I dismounted and followed it until I finally stood within a few yards of the brilliant songster. The first glimpse of his elegant variegated attire won my admiration. Turning my opera glass upon the bird the first peculiar thing I noticed about him was that he had a heavy finch bill. The under parts were orange brown, brightening to lemon yellow on the middle breast and under wing-coverts. The upper parts were black with a brown collar and brown stripes on the head and back. The wings and tail were black, with two white bars on either wing, and white corners and white patches on the tail. Such a faultless full-dress is not often seen.

His song was a strong, rich, rolling carol, something like that of the robin in tone and melody, but much purer and finer in quality. It seemed to convey to the listener not so much of the bright good cheer of the robin, as a sort of wild delight, and pure joy, expressed with all the varied and touching tones of the nightingale. It was loud, clear, and liquid, with a swinging rhythm somewhat like the song of the tanager, but much longer and more exquisitely finished.

For a long time the artist poured forth his joy in these superb, warbling notes, and was answered from several points of the compass by others of his kin. Then I began to perceive, that the air was ringing with these peerless melodies. How often before had this same song come unheeded to my ears? I had heard it perhaps a hundred times before, but had never really perceived and distinguished it until now! And when the bird flew past me, showing the white patches on his wings and tail, I wondered: How many times had these same colors been flashed unnoticed before my eyes? "Having ears, we hear not; and hearts, yet we do not understand."

This was my first personal acquaintance with the black-headed grosbeak, although he is one of the finest bird vocalists of the West. He is very closely related to the elegant rose-breast of the East, and may be found in any suitable woodland from the plains to the Pacific. The nest, made of twigs, rootlets, and dry grasses, is loosely built in shrubs near a stream of water, from fifteen to twenty feet above the ground. In the fall of the year they migrate to Mexico, to spend a pleasant winter under southern skies.

The black-headed grosbeak may well be classed among the most useful and entertaining members of the feathered world. These talented Western species include the black-headed grosbeak, mocking bird, water ouzel, hermit thrush, willow thrush, sage thrasher, canyon wren, ruby-crowned kinglet, catbird, and chickadee. In some parts of the country the black-headed grosbeak is locally known as the "Pea bird" because of its fondness for peas; and it does some damage at times in gardens and orchards. These damages, however, are trifling compared with the good done in other directions. Their services to Western horticulture are so great that their destruction should not be considered. The major part of their summer food consists of insects, among which are many of the greatest pests of woodland, orchard and garden. These include the codling moth, canker worms, flower-beetles, hairless Caterpillars, and scale insects. It is fond of beetles and their larva, particularly, those of leaf-eating and wood-boring species. In early spring the eggs and hibernating pupa of insects are taken from crevices in the bark of trees. They also eat grasshoppers and locusts as well as a number of obnoxious weed seeds. Wherever this stylish Westerner appears he should be cordially welcomed; for not many birds have such beauty of plumage and song, and at the same time such useful habits.

The next morning after making the acquaintance of the black-

headed grosbeak I set out to learn more about my little friend. Near my summer camp was a woodland hollow with a stream of sparkling water singing through it. Here a whole colony of grosbeaks along with a number of other feathered folk, had gathered and were busily engaged in nest building. It was just the place for the lover of the primeval woods, because he has it all to his "lonesome," and because it is sure to reveal to him some of the new acts in Nature's drama.

I soon discovered several grosbeaks' nests along the stream, but the one in the maple sapling, just below the waterfall, attracted me most because it furnished better opportunity for study. Then, too, I was more interested in these particular little builders because they showed me something about bird individuality that none of these roving sylphs of Nature had ever shown me before.

The nest was not half completed when I first found it, and I spent many hours watching the little pair as they worked. Like most other birds when engaged in nest building, the female did the greater part of the work and the male did the celebrating. From sunrise till sunset the female was busy collecting material and shaping the nest, while the male whistled and sang and darted about, doing no useful work whatever. When his mate returned to the nest with new material he would sing and flutter about her, as if he were praising her for her diligence. Often I chuckled to myself as I observed their little whims and love quarrels; they reminded me so much of my neighbors.

At times when, in excess of zeal, he would fly away and return with a solitary straw or twig, she would take it from his beak in a thankful manner and work it in with her own abundant collection, while he looked on with immense importance. When the material was finally arranged to suit her, she would fly straight away to the edge of the logging-road where material could be found in abundance, and he would start just as purposely in the opposite direction. But he could never fly over a maple tree without lighting in it to sing, and forget all about the work he had set out to do, until he heard his mate returning, calling gladly as she came.

One day while watching these birds, I saw one of the most interesting little comedies I have ever witnessed in the woods. The female was out in search of new material and the male was perched on a twig near the nest, singing as usual. When he heard the call of his approaching mate, the lazy little scoundrel slipped up to the nest, hurriedly pulled out a beakful of straw and hopped to the other end of the branch. When his mate arrived he fluttered up and held them out to show her what good work he had been doing while she was abroad. She took the straws and began to weave them into the nest with her own, and in her busy, silent air, she seemed to praise him for his work. Twice in one day I saw him do this interesting little artifice without being caught. Although I admired him for his intelligence, I really wanted to see him discovered, just to see what would happen. But he was too wise to be caught, and he won sev-

eral compliments from his mate through his little trick of dishonesty.

I give this little incident to show that birds have individual differences the same as man. This is identical with all animals; they not only differ in color and species, but the animals themselves are different. The other grosbeaks that I watched during the early part of the summer were shy, secretive and silent when near their nests. Although I watched them with more than ordinary interest, I noticed no marked difference in their character or disposition; while scarcely a day passed in the maple sapling without revealing some new or interesting trait in the birds.

Later, when the female was brooding her eggs, the male showed a very different side of his character. When his mate left the nest to search for food, or to bathe in the shallows of the stream, he occupied the nest himself. I watched him closely when I found him incubating because I thought he might attempt to perform some more of his notions during the absence of his mate and desert the nest, but apparently he realized the importance of his task, for he never left the eggs while his mate was away. The only way I could distinguish them on the nest was by their color. The female was blackish brown above, changing to bright buff or grayish below.

I also noticed that he sang a different song from his ordinary melodious warble. It was low and sweet, and seemed intended for his mate alone; for I never heard him sing the exquisite little melody except when she was brooding her eggs and he was standing close beside her, as if whispering to her a secret.

One moonlight night, while passing near the nest, I heard his faint, sweet song, so fine that it seemed like a silver thread of music blown from another world. The grosbeak was sitting on a maple twig, just over the nest of his brooding mate, as if he were asleep and was singing in his dreams.

As the summer waned, his voice grew a little rusty, as most bird voices do, but there was still a tone of gladness in his warbling song. From the day I first discovered the nest until the young birds were led away by their parents to learn the ways of the world, I studied them, and lived with them, so to speak, until they became a part of my life and helped give tone and color to my day. Now, whenever I hear the grosbeak's warbling carol, I am instantly transported to the deep woods and cool retreats and I feel a secret yearning in my heart as he sits on the swinging bough and calls out to me cheerily, "All's well in the wilderness."

Peoa, Utah

QUERRETARO JAIL

BY FRED McLAUGHLIN

Bernal Diaz, patriot and Mexican spy, stood before his judge in the sombre hall in Mexico City. Lithe, graceful, and unafraid, he faced the great Maximilian.

Through a narrow window behind the emperor he could see a section of the snow-capped crown of his beloved Popocatepetl. To the right and to the left he saw French officers, brave in spotless uniforms; and a few ladies, gay in laces and bright ribbons.

Among the officers he noted Lieutenant Villeures, whose appearance gave him quite a shock, for the Frenchman was his twin in every detail—save one. In his counterpart he missed only his own tiny mustache.

This then was how they had captured him. A clever trick, worked by a man of consummate skill and daring. Well, it was the fortunes of war. He smiled at his captor, whose merry eyes returned the salute.

He had done his best; Mexico would long remember his services.

He raised his eyes again to the towering mountain. Never again would he stalk the elusive deer along its timbered slopes, or whip the tumbling streams for trout, or hear the electric whirr of blue quail rising from hillside cornfields. No more the gathering of roses by the roadside, or the clear high-pitched voices of children singing in the evening. Never another legend of Old Mexico would he get from the lips of graybeard sages, tales of a time when Mexico was a mighty nation. Such as it was, his work was done. The emperor's voice broke into his reverie. "Yes, Excellency?"

"Am I not 'Your Majesty?' "

The young man shook his head. "There is nothing majestic, Excellency, in the temporal ambitions of man."

"There is reason in what you say." Maximilian studied the youth with a kindly eye. The emperor's face was the face of a poet, with the eyes of a dreamer. "We want only peace," he said gently.

"But peace, Excellency, at the point of a bayonet is not a palatable dish for a free people. Nearly fifty years ago we won our independence. Surely France has no—"

"You have given us a deal of trouble," said the emperor.

A faint smile lighted the Mexican's face. "I have done my best."

Madame Villeures whispered to her husband, "Francois, how like you he is. If I met him in the twilight I should love him."

"Small chance, cherie; he surely dies tomorrow morning."

"He—he will know how to die. I am sorry you captured him."

The Frenchman studied his wife's face. He found tears in the fine blue eyes. "Why, chérie?"

"Because he's brave—and a gentleman; because it will seem like killing a part of you." She caught her white throat. "It—it suffocates me!"

The prisoner continued: "Possibly we are both working for Mexico. Our methods only are different. If we had a native president—"

"For instance?"

"Benito Juarez, Excellency, or Porfirio Diaz. Either will make a good president."

Maximilian laughed. "Outlaws," he said, "both outlaws—rebels! Each will be shot as we catch them."

"The rebel of today, Excellency, may be the patriot of tomorrow, may die the father of his country. My last prayer shall be that you do not catch them. One of them may be our liberator—who knows?"

"Your last prayer is due." The emperor's voice was hard. "Take him away; we treat all rebels alike."

Madame Villeures moved forward. "Sire," she said.

"Yes, my cousin?"

"I would speak for the life of the prisoner."

Maximilian stroked his beard. "My cousin is gentleness itself. The life of the prisoner is forfeit; he makes no defense."

"Do you question his patriotism, Sire, or his bravery?"

The emperor shook his head, and Madame Villeures continued. "Living, could he help you, Sire?"

"Aye—if he would—aid us greatly."

She turned toward the prisoner, who spoke slowly, "It is not written, Madame, that France shall rule Mexico. We are a free people."

"It is useless," said the emperor.

"Not so, Sire; isn't he well known in Mexico?" Though she spoke to Maximilian her eyes held the eyes of the prisoner.

"Very well known, sweet cousin; why?"

"And beloved of his people?"

"Most beloved of his people."

"Isn't there a chance, then, of his doing the cause of France great harm in his death?"

"Your judgment is good, dear cousin. What would you have me do?" He leaned forward and lowered his voice so that only the golden-haired woman could hear. "Besides, he looks too much like Lieutenant Francois—eh?"

She flushed, and Maximilian spoke to the captive, "Bernal Diaz, your life is in the keeping of Madame Villeures."

"Thank you, Sire." She stood before the young Mexican. "I am offering you your life, senor. I—I can't see you—you—"

He waited, studying her fair face. She saw admiration kindle in his eyes. "On condition, of course," he murmured.

"Yes, senor; your parole only. You will not bear arms against the French."

He searched her eyes until her gaze fell before him. "Madame of the golden curls forgets that she has just called me a patriot. My life belongs to Mexico."

"Pardon," she said softly; "you only bear out my opinion of you. I required too much. You will bear arms, openly, in the ranks of those who oppose us."

He bowed.

"Openly only," she continued. "There will be no more reports of Bernal Diaz, the spy; we shall hear only of Bernal Diaz, the soldier."

"Only of the soldier," he promised, a warm light in his eyes.

"Are you going to take his word for that?"

"I feel that his word is good, Sire—to me. And you gave me your promise."

"He is free, my cousin. I hope you have not erred."

Madame Villeures held out her hand. "Goodbye," she said; "I wish you well in every undertaking but—but this."

He smiled.

"I know you will keep your promise, senor, for such bravery as yours must of necessity go hand in hand with honor."

He bowed over her hand. "Madame's faith in me does me great honor."

"May I apologize for Monsieur my husband's trick?"

Bernal Diaz laughed. "A hazard of the game, Madame, which, alas, I will not be able to repay. I have high respect for his courage. He is—most fortunate."

She smiled upon the bowed head. "Gallantry," she murmured, "goes hand in hand with bravery and honor. Perhaps some day—"

"Madame of the kindly heart may need me—some day. May I ask that she remember? Today she has given me life. Who knows? I may, some day, be privileged to spend it in her cause. That life shall be kept always in readiness, for her need."

Lieutenant Villeures came forward now, and the two young men, so much alike, shook hands after which Bernal Diaz, a free man, but with heart enchained, walked out—out into the bright sunlight, to the freedom of the snow-capped mountains, with their softly blanketed slopes; to the tumbling mountain torrents, and the purple deserts; to camp and bivouac, and to the companionship of his own people; to fight for his country, as a patriot should.

But his companions found him strangely silent and thoughtful. The dim blue haze of the desert twilight filled his soul with dreams of a wondrous vision; in the curling smoke of the camp-fire fancy framed a fair face with sweet blue eyes and golden hair, and each

gentle breeze that stirred the pines became a voice of well remembered modulation.

So he fought, as a patriot should, but he dreamed of the one woman who comes, once, into the life of every man.

Came a day when the United States, having settled their differences after four years of civil war, presented again to the world a solid front. Representation was made to France that the Monroe Doctrine, after lying fallow for some years, had begun to function again; and that the presence of French troops in Mexico was a violation of that instrument. The courteous terms of the note obscured none of its firmness, and France, already sensing the gathering clouds of Prussianism to the eastward, drew her soldiers home.

This move left Maximilian, with a small body of native troops who still believed in his regime, to face two Mexican armies under the erstwhile outlaws, Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz.

The emperor was driven out of Mexico City, and pushed back, mile by mile, to the northwest. He made his last stand at Querretaro, where he and his lieutenants were betrayed into the hands of their enemies. Maximilian and his aides, among whom was Lieutenant Villeures, were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot.

One of the guards of the dismal old jail at Querretaro brought a visitor to the cell of Lieutenant Villeures, and at the visitor's low-spoken command, left him with the prisoner.

Lieutenant Villeures turned from the moonlit window. "Who is it?"

The visitor moved into the belt of moonlight. "Bernal Diaz!" cried the Frenchman; "I am glad to see you."

"It grieves me to find you in this predicament," said Bernal Diaz. "I tried my best to save you, and failed."

"I am grateful for your efforts. A soldier must take his chances."

"And—and Madame, how about Madame?"

The Frenchman's face softened. "She stays with loyal friends. She was permitted to come here this afternoon—to tell me goodbye. Madame is a soldier's wife. Perhaps you can help her out of this unhappy country—afterwards."

"Assuredly," promised the Mexican.

"And Maximilian, her cousin; will they—?"

"Maximilian will die."

"Would they shoot an emperor?" said the Frenchman, awed.

"Aye, for the good of Mexico. Besides, he's not a real emperor." The young patriot laughed. "He's just a kind of home-made emperor. But I came with an offer, and to repay a debt. Do you remember when you put on a mustache and became Bernal Diaz?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then I take one off—so—and become Lieutenant Villeures; I put it on you—so—and we change places. See?"

The Frenchman caressed his suddenly acquired mustache. "I thought it was real," he said.

"So it was until today, when it became necessary to have a detachable one. We change clothes, and you walk out as Bernal Diaz."

"And leave you to face the firing squad tomorrow at sunrise. I guess not."

"Of course not, my friend. I am merely offering you your last night with Madame. By daybreak tomorrow you will return for your rendezvous with death, and I will have repaid, in ever so small a way, my great debt to Madame. Simple, is it not?"

"Too simple. I cannot ask you to risk so much."

The young patriot leaned against the bars, a picture of dejection. "I had hoped to do something for—for Madame. I owe her so much. You will never know how much I owe her. If you do this I—I think she could understand; she would know I am trying to repay."

"There are chances," objected the Frenchman.

"Chances—yes." The other brightened. "But neither of us is stranger to such. Come; hurry with our change of clothes."

"No."

"Yes! Are you afraid to take a chance now? Is one night of life so valuable to you?"

"I am thinking of you, my friend," said the lieutenant. "One night of life is nothing to me."

"Of me? Ah, well—then humor my whim, my caprice. I would show Madame that I am grateful; I have no other way."

"You can escort her to a safe place," insisted the Frenchman.

"Aye—afterward; but now I choose to take just a little—just a tiny—chance for her. Do you not see? We do that for those we— we cherish. Is it not so?"

The Frenchman pondered. "Well—"

"Ah—sensible; that's right. Now we change quickly, before the guard returns."

Changed, the two men stood close together in the narrow beam of moonlight.

"How strange that we should look so much alike," mused the young patriot.

"I wonder."

"My family," continued Bernal Diaz, "came from the south slopes of the Pyrenees."

"And mine," said Lieutenant Villeures, "came from the north slopes of the Pyrenees."

Bernal Diaz laughed. "A mountain range is a fine international boundary, but love has no boundaries. Some time in the past our families touched. You will—will convey my respects to Madame, and—"

"Yes."

"—And tell her that love has no boundaries?"

"Aye." The Frenchman considered a moment. "Suppose I decide not to return; suppose—"

"You are Bernal Diaz," said the Mexican. "No one would know—but she will see that you return. I know; she will make you come back." They heard the guard's footsteps pattering along the hallway. "Goodbye."

Through the barred window of the narrow cell Bernal Diaz studied the moon-bathed hills. He saw a figure moving swiftly along the ridge road. The figure stopped at the crest, waved an arm, and disappeared.

The young patriot looked full into the moon. "Ah, Madame," he said softly, "Madame of the golden curls, and the sweet voice, and the kindly heart; you gave me my life. Now I give it back to you."

Just before daylight Lieutenant Villeures, with the farewell kisses of his wife still sweet upon his lips, came slowly down the hill toward the jail at Querretaro.

"Tell him—" she had said, "tell Bernal Diaz that I thank him; tell him I understand."

That had been her goodbye, that and her pleading voice calling after him into the night: "Francois, Francois," and again—"Francois!"

He stopped before the squat, ugly structure, and took one last look at the encircling hills. He drew in a deep breath of clean, sweet morning air, bowed his head, and went in.

"Ho, Bernal Diaz, you come early!" cried the guard.

"I would speak with Lieutenant Villeures."

"You would speak—" The guard went off into a paroxysm of laughter. "You would—Augustino!" He called another guard. "Augustino, come here quick, and help me laugh. He would speak with Lieutenant Villeures!"

"His voice would carry far," said Augustino, "who speaks with Lieutenant Villeures."

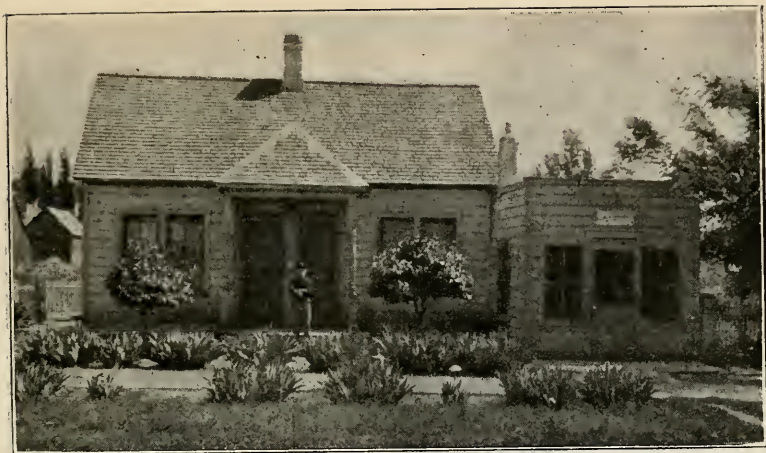
"But why," faltered the Frenchman; "where is he?"

"Where is he? Ah." He crossed himself. "Who knows? He is dead." The guard crossed himself again. "Dead with a dozen sufficient bullet holes in his body!"

"Then I'm late? I thought they—tell me."

"Surely. It was less than an hour after you left," explained the guard. "Lieutenant Villeures, evidently fearing the night, made a very clumsy effort to escape, and we, your friends, Bernal Diaz, took great pleasure in shooting down. But you tremble, Bernal, friend, and your face is pale. Does the death of one Frenchman move you so?"

Washington, D. C.



The Shoemaker—His Home and Shop

A MOST INTERESTING SHOEMAKER

BY MOSES L. RICH

The old fashioned cobbler is fast disappearing, and few are the communities in Utah that can boast of having one. Martin Neilsen, or "King David" as he is familiarly called by all who know him, is the most picturesque figure in Logan. In his every day costume, you see a little figure not over four feet tall wearing a Scotch Tam O' Shanter, with his long silvery hair coming down to his shoulders. Children are very anxious to take the family shoes to this odd little shoemaker, because he usually rewards them with a piece of rock-candy. On Sunday he puts on his black Prince Albert coat and silk stove-pipe hat, and usually takes a walk down town.

"King David" is now eighty-one years of age. He works only three hours a day, and only on ladies' shoes and slippers. There are two things in his life that he points to with pride, they are that he has worked for King Christian, of Denmark, and that he has always done his work to the best of his ability.

Once when asked if he were a "Mormon," he said emphatically, "I am a Latter-day Saint, through and through." He said that he would live as long as the Lord would let him, and that maybe he would get one year longer for good behavior.

He has a keen memory, and often tells in detail of his early life in Denmark. Mr. Neilsen told how he started to work at a very early age as a tradesman. Tradesmen were usually young, unmarried men who traveled from city to city working for the master tradesmen. Each man had to have a small book which the head police officer of each city signed, stating that he was of good character and that he had enough money with which to travel. Tradesmen, in those days, trav-

eled everywhere on foot. The officials of each city would not let them travel to another city until they could show enough money to provide themselves with food and lodging on the way. This was



The Shoemaker

done in order to eliminate begging. "King David" said that as soon as he reached a city he would get lodging, and then would hire out to a master tradesman who would send shoes to his lodging, already cut out to be made up. The time at which the shoes were to be finished was specified. As soon as the shoes were finished and the messenger boy came and took them back, he would receive his wages. He worked for King Christian's master tradesman for about a year before he came to Utah. During this time he made practically all of the shoes for the ladies of the royal household.

After a year in the employ of the king, he decided that better wages were to be had in Germany, so he quit his job and made ready to leave the next day. That same day he met a "Mormon" elder by the name of S. P. Neve of Salt Lake City. Mr. Neve convinced him of the truth of "Mormonism," and he was converted a few days later. He left for Utah on April 6, 1883. It took him twenty-four days to reach Ogden, Utah, from Copenhagen. He was forty-one years of age when he reached Utah, and has worked and lived in Logan ever since.

Logan, Utah

Sunshine and Shadows

As roses do not always bloom, so also does not sunshine ever beam upon our pathway. It is as necessary to the enjoyment of life that sunshine and shadow should be intermingled, that we might in these perfect ourselves, as that the rose should fade and die that we might the more enjoy its budding.—A.

RECREATION

BY DR. FRANKLIN L. WEST,
DEAN OF THE FACULTY, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

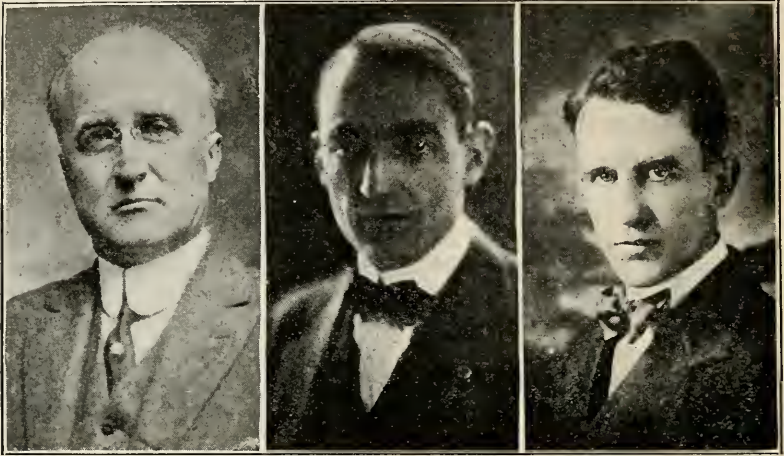
The Book of Mormon declares that, "Man is that he may have joy." This means joy in this life, here and now, as well as in the next sphere of existence. People who have the right attitude toward work usually enjoy their job, but the number that really like their daily work is really small. A life devoted only to work becomes drab, dull and monotonous. Some form of recreation is necessary to prevent a blurring of the finer sensibilities, and to insure health of body and mind. People who think that play is a waste of time, or who do not have time for relaxation because of the large amount of work they map out for themselves, should remember that more work and better work can be done when it alternates with rest, change, or play. Ambitious men have exchanged their health for a fortune, and then have spent the fortune in the futile attempt to get back their health.

Men and women at middle age become too serious and frequently through living too much to themselves, get into a rut. To them cessation of work means only loneliness. They crave the association of their fellows, and yet they do not know how to make friends. The fact that hundreds of thousands of professional men have of late joined the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs testifies to man's hunger for fellowship. The work of the ladies is by nature more confining even than that of the men and they, too, crave comradeship and social expression. Weary and lonely, these men and women pay money to watch professionals on the stage or on the athletic field, play, sitting in the theatre or on the bleachers, instead of getting the stimulation and exhilaration that comes from social intercourse and participation in the play or game themselves. It has well been said, "Bleachers bleach the blood." Facilities should be provided to teach people how to express themselves in happy recreational forms and active leadership, furnished to care for the free-time releases of the people.

While cessation of work means loneliness to one class of people, to another it means licentiousness and vice. When the day's work is over or school has adjourned, organized, well directed high-grade dancing parties, or out-door vigorous play or athletic contests, are much to be preferred to loafing on street corners or in the pool hall where the air is thick with swearing, tobacco smoke, and coarse jests. The great worth of human souls demands that time and money be expended to make adequate provision for the leisure time of the people. It is cheaper to build a fence around a precipice than to run an ambulance at the bottom, for reform schools and penitentiaries are very expensive institutions.

The adolescent period is the most dangerous time in a person's life—too immature either to vote or to hold property, and yet the young people, at this tender age, select their life companions and choose their vocations when the emotions are at their highest power and largely dominate the life.

These young folks should be given an opportunity to widen their circle of acquaintance and the dance makes this possible. They would rather dance than engage in any other pastime, and this social need should be provided for. High standards, however, should be maintained, by reasonable, tactful, and firm dance-directors who know



Left: Dr. Thomas D. Wood, Prof. of Physical Education, Columbia, University. Center: Dr. R. C. McLain, Supervisor of Health Education, Detroit, Michigan. Right: Dr. Emmett D. Angell, Lecturer at Yale, Harvard and Wisconsin Universities. Recreational Leadership.

their business. Parents need to be mindful of the dangers that lurk in the keeping of late hours, and the unchaperoned joy riding following the dance.

Realizing the great importance of proper morale in the army, millions of dollars were spent in providing games, entertainments and amusements for the soldiers, because these recreational activities have a direct bearing upon success in battle. They also have a profound influence upon success in the battle of life.

The amount of money that is being expended by cities for directed play is very large, and is increasing in amount each year with a corresponding increase in patronage on the part of citizens. Greater physical fitness, and a reduction in juvenile delinquency is the result; e. g., in Miami, Fla. the grist of the juvenile court had fallen from 25 cases a month to 5 cases, six months after the establishment of public playgrounds. Topeka, Kansas, found that truancy decreased

where playgrounds were established near the schools. Many cities reported a complete absence of Halloween mischief and property destruction when community celebrations were made to take the place of undirected pranks. These play activities directed youthful vigor into wholesome and constructive channels.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints recognized the importance of this problem, and adopted a very excellent and comprehensive recreational program which is being carried out by the Mutual Improvement Associations under the direction of the Priesthood. Stake and Ward committees have been appointed throughout the Church and institutes have been held in some of the stakes to train teachers for the work.

The Utah Agricultural College whose mission it is to serve the people of the state, has prepared regular courses of instruction to be given in the first six weeks of Summer School, designed especially to train young people to effectively do their work as recreational committeemen, as well as train general community leaders. We have selected three men of national reputation in this field to give the work. Dr. Thomas D. Wood is head of the Department of Physical Education at Columbia University, Dr. R. C. McLain is supervisor of Health Education in Detroit, Michigan, and is generally considered the authority in this field, and Dr. Emmett D. Angell, is a lecturer at Yale, Harvard, and Wisconsin, universities and is probably the best and most inspiring man in the field of Recreational Leadership in the United States. Eleven other teachers of National reputation from the regular faculties of America's largest universities will give two to three regular classes daily during the Summer School. Seven eminent special lecturers will also be present for a week each, giving two lectures a day. In this manner the college expects to do its part, as in the past, in training young people for efficient leadership in the various communities of the state.

Logan, Utah

Now

O'er fertile valleys of this vast domain,
Waving in sensuous grace, the golden grain
Greets my dimming eyes.

Born to the purple and pressed into wine,
High carnival holds, and the joy is mine,
As in youthful days.

In pasturage fit for kings of the field—
Provender a plenty with its annual yield
For those who toil.

The nightingale's love-song in passionate lay
Is but the precursor of Freedom's day
For souls enthralled.

Soldiers' Summit, Utah

PARLEY BILLS



AT THE POINT OF THE MOUNTAIN

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

What! Sentiment? Yes sir—and we don't care who knows it—sentiment! But both of us, you and I, dear reader, are aware of the long distance between mere cheap sentimentality and rich, deep sentiment. Yesterday we got our thrill of sentiment, of all places in the world, over at prosy, hard-working Magna, and on to Garfield and Black Rock, on the shore of our Inland Sea.

For us the sentiment came out of the past, yet we admit it was intensified by contrast, of my first visit to the Point of the Mountain as it looked then and as it looks now after so many years.

O, but that is only part of the changes wrought by time. Ideals, conditions, persons, they have changed. When I first looked on Black Rock it was in the Territory, not the State, of Utah. Deseret, we thought the State would be called, when it did come, but that is what our city should have been called, and then there would have been no disappointment.

Ah! Well, that was a long while ago and our young people, many of them, appear to have a vague thought that the word "desert" and "deseret" are synonyms in some way. Ah! well, again—the desert is fast disappearing and we have no Deseret. What! No Deseret? Look around.

Half a century! Can it be? But the view tells the tale. Is that the same Point of the Mountain that I first looked upon? Is that

the same beach that stretches along by Black Rock? How changed! Fifty years ago the northern terminal of the Oquirrh Range was crested with growths of dark green pine, the shore by Black Rock, save for one house, was an unpeopled solitude; now the pinegroves are stark and dead, the trunks and branches of the distant trees, like skeletons against the sky, and the shore by Black Rock laced with tracks of steel and overlooked by huge, tall chimneys, countless pipes that pour forth white steam or blackness of smoke. Magna and Garfield, infernos of labor as compared with the one time quiet, but speaking for the present of wealth and progress, a new era upon the land.



Photo by Thomsen's Studio, Magna, Utah

Top: Main Street, looking west, toward Utah Copper Plant. Bottom: Showing Magna, looking east, men on the way home from shift.

Well, my days have been prolonged. Truly, I cannot recall one person now living, except myself, who took part in the festivities of the Play-House outing. Truly I was one of the youngest of the merry band, but I remember others as young who have passed away. It was the annual outing of the old Deseret Dramatic Company and that year Black Rock was chosen as the place of fun. Never had the shore of our Inland Sea resounded to more noisy mirth, and not mirth alone, but song and music and the cadenced rhythm of moving feet.

Many a line, too, from the old dramatists might have been heard between the beat of waves, for those were the days of the legitimate, and actor and actress liked to try their voices against the noise of winds and waters or the screams of astonished gulls. Comedy and tragedy, Thespians who had played the famous roles, were there, and now of them all not one is living. The big rock house where the repasts were spread stands now roofless and with broken walls.

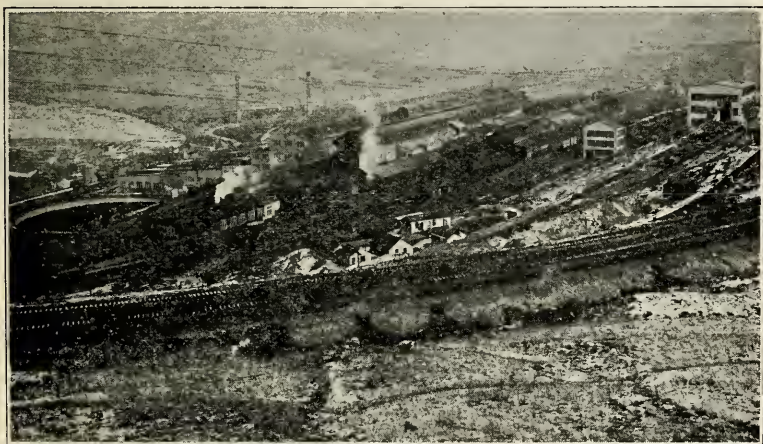


"The big rock house, stands now roofless and with broken walls."

Geologically speaking, the Point of the Mountain is a most interesting place, its lower slopes are marked with the bench-lines, the water pauses in the life of ancient Bonneville. Those lines pass around on the eastern side of the Oquirrh Range, but on the west toward Tuilla (Tooele) Valley are still more ancient lines, those made by Lake LaHontan, and the Point of the Mountain is a great wedge between the valleys around which the waves of the long vanished waters fretted for so many centuries during the glacial ages in the distant past. Upon one of those old beaches stands Garfield and Magna. The railway along which moves the cars loaded with the thousands of tons of ore from the Bingham canyon mines practically follows one of the highest lines.

At the time of the Dramatic Picnic at Black Rock, there was a pair of golden eagles which made their eyrie upon the northern terminal of the Oquirrh Range—Point of the Mountain. We noticed them

that day circling in the blue above the groves of pine. A good point of security and lookout it was for the birds. The gnarled and ancient spruce, where the young eaglets were nested, commanded a view which includes the entire surface of the Inland Sea, to the north and to the west lay the Tuilla Valley, and eastward, the Valley of the Pioneers. It was several years after the picnic that the writer of this verified the above facts, for he climbed to the eagles' eyrie and almost paid for the intrusion into the ancient home of the birds with his life. In defense of their young, the pair of parent eagles made an attack upon the foolish little intruder of their realm, and almost caused him to fall—while fighting to save his eyes—over the edge of the precipice. But that has nothing to do with the Point of the Mountain to the



The Magna Plant

visitor of today. The incident is recalled by the writer in thought of the changing of the groves of pines; yes, the fumes from the tall chimneys of the smelters at Garfield and Magna have ended the life of the trees. The descendants of that pair of golden eagles must build their nests elsewhere. Like the vanishing red-man, they could not live near that scene of industry.

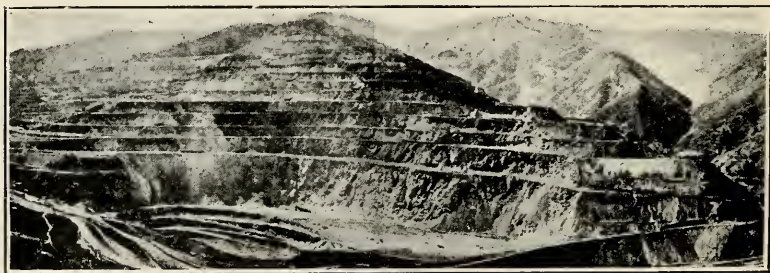
Yes, sir, yes! Brigham Young was the first man of Utah in those days, and the theatrical company were all Church people. They all paid tithing, and they all earned wages that were partly paid in tithing. That's nothing to do with Garfield and Magna, only those theatrical Church people walked along the beach lines of old Lake Bonneville, and where now the many buildings stand, and the columns of smoke rise skyward, and the whistle of the locomotive incessantly sounds, the herd-boys brought the cows from neighboring farms, to find a scanty picking, and the ringdoves cooed among the shrub-oak

and sage. By the way, those same herd-boys explored the cave at Garfield and found the ancient skeletons of human beings of vanished tribes that for ages had sat in the rock opening, looking out it seemed upon the waters of the Inland Sea. One of the skulls was afterwards built into a cobble-stone wall that surrounded a sheep corral at the back of Profile Rock. The Point of the Mountain was an interesting place, something to be seen by the artist and the archaeologist, as



The Arthur Plant, showing the Point of the Mountain towards the left well as offering a chance for the Pioneer home-maker. But now an entirely new chapter marks its history.

Very little does the one who does this writing know about the smelting operations at Garfield and Magna, he only looked upon it from the picturesque viewpoint. Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho knew more about the fulling-mills than I do about those piles of buildings, those vats, those coils of pipe, those falling waters and jets



Showing terraces in the Bingham copper mine, where a mountain of ore is being removed.

of hissing steam. My first trip to Bingham Canyon was to make a sketch of the Telegraph Mine, then newly discovered. On that day I climbed amid Oquirrh Summit and watched the sunset light fade from off the peaks of the adjacent mountains, the Wasatch to the east-

ward, and the Tintic Range to the south. I remember indulging in a dream about the veins of silver ore that laced, as it were, the mighty ledges of each near or distant range, but I did not think anything about the vast deposits of copper that was in the heart of the mountain upon which I stood. Now that mountain is world-famous, for it is being cut away terrace by terrace, and has yielded millions of dollars in value of the ruddy metal. Had there been no copper mines at Bingham Canyon, there would have been no Magna with its shifts of sturdy workers. What? No romance at Magna! Don't be deceived. Wherever men toil there is romance, and some new order of poets will come to find it out.

Reader, on our State Capitol steps, you may sometimes hear the roar of the blasts that tear the mountains at Bingham to pieces, and you can also see the columns of smoke, volcano-like, that rise at the Point of the Mountain. Make note of it sometimes when you stand on the platform at the top of the granite steps—there is one great source of our material wealth.

The Faith of Our Fathers

I sit at the feet of the old, old folk,
The bent and the halt and the grey,
And I string the pearls from the good lips spoke,
For a learned folk are they.

I fondle the hands of the old, old folk,
And a courage new is born,
For theirs is the strength of the tempered oak,
In the fingers gnarled and worn.

I welcome the smile of the old, old folk,
The wrinkled and comely cheer,
And proud am I when I invoke
The praise of an old compeer.

I look in the eyes of the old, old folk,
In the windows dulled and dim,
Where vision lightens with master-stroke
The sight that is turned to Him.

I follow the wake of the old, old folk,
And reap of the goodly seed,
Over fruited trail that their feet have broke
Where the steps of the fathers lead.

I stand for the faith of the old, old folk,
The light of the world to be,
I live for the standards their lives evoke
For their faith is the faith for me!

Mesa, Arizona.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

BY H. L. JOHNSTON

A very commendable desire on the part of man and woman is the hunger for a home.

Tracing back to the days of Abraham, we can see the result of home-building. On one side was the race of Isaac who built homes and prized them. On the other hand, the race of Ishmael. The last mentioned was nomadic. They were wanderers of the desert and as easily moved from one place to the other, as the shifting sands on which they pitched their camel skin tents. A comparison between the two races proves that the race of home-builders were far superior to that of the wanderers, and goes to show that a nation of home-builders is as sound as the rock of Gibraltar.

There is a great difference between a house and a home. To some people, a home is merely an address in the city directory; merely a place to hang their hats. Just a place to hang hats, just a mere address, is entirely the wrong way to think about home and what the word means. To those people it is just a house; a house of cards, a house built on sand. There is nothing to fortify it. It is a frail gossamery thing at its best. that the first wind of adversity would level to the ground.

Take a house and put a man and woman inside. Add love and understanding and a very liberal measure of religion. You are now starting to build a real home. You are not building on the sand, but on solid rock. Then, let there be added healthy, happy children, and the home is complete. It has ceased to be a mere house. It is a *home*.

Have you ever planted a tree? No? You should have done so this Spring. Plant the tree around your own home. Learn the joy of watching it grow. Watch it spread its sheltering branches over your roof tree. Plant flowers and shrubs, and see how eager they are to tell you their message of love and happiness. They too, have a part in making your home, and they are anxious to tell their secret to all who will stop and listen.

The home is a divine institution promoting and preserving family life. Those who shirk the responsibilities of making a home show that something is lacking in their make-up. They lack the element of social well-being. Sometimes they fear that the owning of a home will take away some selfish pleasure of life. They shun responsibility, and he who shuns responsibility never left a living name after he had passed into the land of the departed.

Every effort you make to gain a home is uplifting and inspiring. There can be no genuine happiness without one.

A man who has no ambition to build a home is shirking a sacred

duty. He is refusing his children what rightfully is theirs. One of the saddest answers a man can give to the question: "Where is your home?" is: "I never had any. We just rented and moved around. Now the family is split and scattered to the four corners of the world." Just consider such an answer. The pity of it, and true in thousands of cases.

When the boy or girl out in the world meets trouble, there is a need, an urgent one, for the old home with its living, breathing influence of love and past associations to help face the battle of life.

A home is not a home, unless there dwells perfect love and trust between husband and wife. Home is a place of love, order and perfect confidence where the foul breath of suspicion or slander dare not enter. Reflected in the children's characters, it is a good bit of advice to follow when looking for a mate, to first get acquainted with the homelife of your future partner. Therein, you can generally see your own future mirrored quite plainly. Peace and contentment is the rule with each more than willing to bear his share of the burden. There is a kiss for mother and a hug for father. There seems to prevail a mysterious influence which seems to say: "Father and mother, we are grateful that you sacrificed to let us come to earth and live with you. We are happy, for we know, that you thought enough of your sacred duty to God to establish a home from which, in time, we may fare forth, cheered in the knowledge, that when our feet grow tired your door will always stand ajar, and a light burning in the window to light our way. This is our home. Be it ever so humble, how proud we are to know that it will always be here."

The home is more than a place to live in. It is, in truth, our earthly inheritance.

Tobar, Nevada

A Latter-day Saint Husband to His Wife

My loved one! days and years so swiftly run!

On this occasion you are seventy-one.

The past is gone, and on this special date

We may review—and also speculate.

To me you are the truest—kindest wife—

My soul's companion—partner of my life—

Who shares my sorrows—makes my joys more sweet,

And duties, done with pleasure, more complete.

Stand by me still, dear heart; and, when you can,

Step forth to aid again Christ's saving plan,

Assisting in the Temple of the Lord

To bring to others highest, best reward.

Then with our children, in the time to be—

Our Father serving, from earth's troubles free—

We shall progress throughout Eternal life,

Rejoicing still—true husband and true wife.

L. Lula Greene Richards.

"STAN" MURRAY—FAILURE

BY FRANK C. STEELE

George Sanderson and Stanley, "Stan," Murray were college men together. They belonged to the same clubs, mingled with the same crowd, and after four years of study and social stir they were graduated together, and together went out into the world with degrees to their names.

"Jud"—as George Sanderson was called in college circles—entered business.

"Stan" became principal of a high school.

Four years passed finding George Sanderson swiftly mounting the ladder of success. He was assistant general manager of the Inter-Ocean Steel Products Company, of Pittsburgh and Montreal, with a small army of employees under him. Everything seemed to "break" right for him. He was already receiving a large salary and his investments had returned him rich dividends. Wealth, with the power it brings to man, came to George Sanderson on magic wing.

In the fifth year of his service with the Inter-Ocean people, George married Constance Adair, daughter of the head of a prominent Chicago bank. The marriage was a social sensation, columns were devoted to it in the great national newspapers, out of bulwarks of type the faces of the principals smiled, and even on their honeymoon in Europe, they were hounded by news writers. On returning from abroad, the young steel magnate was elected vice-president of the company.

And all the while "Stan" Murray filled his job as principal of the Riverdale High School. He, too, had grown. Under his supervision the school became known as the "best high school in the state." Prominent educators visited the institution to study the methods of Stanley Murray, for the Riverdale High School was marked with the spirit and genius of its head.

One day, in September, "Stan" received an announcement of the marriage of his old college chum, "Jud" Sanderson. Strange, but that very same day the announcement of his own marriage to Viola Willard, daughter of Judge Cyrus Willard of Riverdale, was mailed to the business address of "Jud" in Pittsburgh.

Another year and a half passed. Then another letter came from "Jud" this time offering his old pal a lucrative position in the general offices of the Inter-Ocean Steel company. "Come east, Stan, and win real success, you are buried out there in Riverdale. Whoever heard of Riverdale? Stan, old man, you have to be in Big Business these days to make the world sit up and listen. Come and join our staff. I have just the place for you, at a real salary and with a chance to go still farther," he wrote.

It looked mighty tempting to the principal of the Riverdale High School. But he turned down the offer with thanks. "Stan" Murray preferred to teach fifty-two young men and women, future citizens of the nation and the world, to plunging into the maze of business in Pittsburgh's fire and smoke. The little rose-covered bungalow on Maple avenue appealed more to the Murrays than did a flat in any city. Furthermore, there was a third Murray now, and the proud parents wanted the young hopeful to be reared in that same little bungalow beneath country skies.

And the years passed, one by one, bringing with them increasing wealth, distinction and promotion to George Sanderson. Impressed by a series of highly successful missions for the company abroad and in Latin America, he was made president of the Inter-Ocean.

It now seemed that he had reached the zenith of his career, that he possessed everything needed to satisfy the cravings of any man. The business world lay at his feet. He had wealth, position, friends. And he was still a comparatively young man. His rise had been amazingly rapid, but the stress of the race had left its mark. His health was not good. He had pains in the head at times, his breath was short, and he was a bit nervous in the conference chamber. This annoyed and worried him. It irritated his wife, who moved in an exclusive set, a life that made exacting demands and levied heavy tolls.

Sanderson's doctor said it was his heart so he was bundled off to Southern California for a long rest. As his private car rolled over the great western plains the steel baron collapsed and he reached Los Angeles in a serious condition.

The break-down came in February. By June he was on his feet again, but exceedingly weak. Toward the end of the month Sanderson had a visitor. A tall, athletic-looking gentleman, with three children, two boys and a girl, called at his hotel.

"The name, please?" asked a pale, overworked secretary.

"Just say 'Stan' Murray—that's all," replied the caller.

Two minutes later the old varsity chums were again together as they were in the days of the delightful past; only, one who then was on the football team now sat in an invalid's chair.

It was a joyous reunion. College days were recalled. The lives of the old class traced step by step until Stan's came up for review.

"Jud, I believe I grace the bottom of the list. I have made the least success of any in the old class. Here I am still tinkering away at school teaching. To be sure, I have a department at the University, but practically all the fellows, including yourself, Jud, are powerful leaders in their spheres."

"You say you are in the University now, Stan? Which department?"

"Political economy."

"How splendid. The nation needs men like you, men who know real values, and whose lives are consistent with their ideals."

"I often get discouraged, for I feel that I have accomplished so little in life."

"Old man, don't feel that way. It will finally get you, undermine your confidence, your courage. And the nation, I repeat, cannot afford to lose men like you."

"You know, Jud, I have often regretted rejecting your offer."

"You have? I was disappointed for a time. But, Stan, I'm mighty glad now, you did turn down the job."

"Why, Jud, I don't understand. You don't infer that I would have been a failure?"

There was a silence. Tears came to the eyes of the invalid. His voice shook.

"Yes, Stan—like I have failed."

Then—

"Are these your children, Stan?"

"My very own except Viola's share, which is a good bit. You see I brought the wife and kiddies with me this summer. I am lecturing at the university summer school this year."

"Three beautiful children—two boys and a girl. How grand!"

"Yes; we think so. We are mighty proud of them."

There was another silence. Then the man in the wheel chair took the white-frocted Miss Murray on his knee and stroked her golden curls.

"You say you are a failure, Stan. Never say that again. You are the success; I the failure."

"Don't rub it in now, old man," laughed Stan.

"I mean it—every word of it. I have amassed wealth. I am known in New York, London, Cape Town. When I travel I ride in a private car or a special train. I am dogged by newspapermen. I dine with men who sit in the seats of the mighty. But I lack—happiness. My health is broken. I have no child to bear my name. And—and—Stan—I am confronted with the shame and humiliation of a divorce suit."

"Jud—dear, old Jud—can this be true?"

"It is. Failure! Failure! Stan, to you has come all the sweets of life. I am worth a million but I have never looked into the eyes of my child."

Lethbridge, Alta., Canada

Thought-Crumbs

With the man who knows it all, it is always too late to learn.

The still small voice can be heard by those who are totally deaf.

All human beings have equal chances in this world; even the smelt uses the same bath-tub that a whale does.

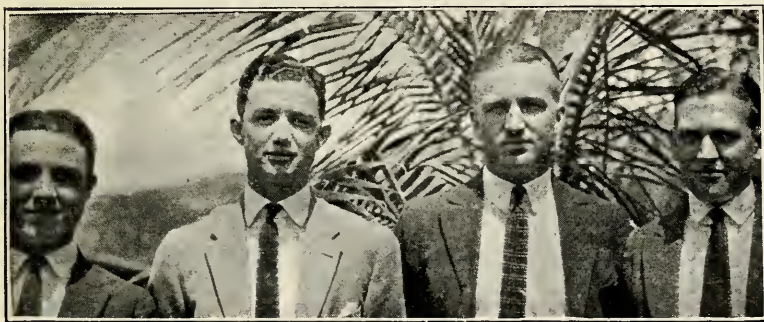
Bumps of knowledge are given to all who are educated in the College of Hard Knocks.—DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

*"Behold, I send you out to prove the world, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. * * * Whoso receiveth you receiveth me; and the same will feed you and clothe you, and give you money. And he who feeds you, or clothes you, or gives you money, shall in no wise lose his reward."*—*Doc. and Cov. 84:79, 89, 90.*

A Kind Hearted People in Hawaii

Elder O. Leroy Sanders, writing from Napoopoo, Hawaii, T. H., March 20, reports that the South Hawaiian conference has a large territory, and the missionaries are required to do all their traveling on foot—a very healthy exercise. The extent of the conference is 125 miles long, covering North and South Kona and Ka'u. The writer reports that he has traveled 3,000 miles on foot during the past year, barring exceptions when kind motorists assisted him partly along the road. "A man picked us up one day and said that whenever he rides along the roads and meets a young man, clear of complexion and free from dissipation, he always gives him a ride because he knows he is a 'Mormon' missionary. He can tell them every time. One of the big features in our work among the Hawaiian race is by example, by which they are more easily and permanently impressed. One old lady, for whom we usually stop off on our way to chop wood or pound poy, told her minister that if he wasn't careful she would be joining the 'Mormons,' as they practice the doctrine of helpfulness. Our work is progressing steadily in all the branches, though not much is heard from Hawaii. The people are the most open and kind-hearted in the world. One's imagination flies beyond bounds when he tries to imagine what a wonderful paradise this land would be if 'Mormonism' had been the first doctrine introduced into Hawaii. We extend our appreciation to the *Era* and broadcast our 'Aloha Nui Loa' to all."



Missionaries of South Hawaii conference, left to right: Orin D. Brown, Ogden; Edward L. Taggart, Salt Lake; O. LeRoy Sanders, conference president, Salt Lake; Spencer E. Saville, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Labors of Five Elders in Three German Cities

Elder Wayne Kartchner, writing from Landsberg, Germany, March 25, reports that these five brethren are laboring in three cities, namely, Dresden, with a population of 10,000, where their labors began last August; Lands-

berg, with 45,000 population where they began their labors also in August; and Custrin, with 20,000 population where their labors began in January last and where they still have no members, but have an average of seventy-five friends in the meetings. In Dresden there were sixteen baptized last fall, and in Landsberg, eighteen. He concludes: "We enjoy reading the *Era* very much and our friends take great interest in its illustrations and other features."



Missionaries, left to right: Wayne Moss and Otto Andra, Salt Lake City, laboring in Dresden; G. A. Wellers, of Schneidemuhl, Germany; and Roy Scharman, Salt Lake City; Wayne Kartchner, Provo, who labor in Landsberg and Custrin.

In Danzig and Lithuania

"The *Improvement Era* makes its way to the most northern clime of the Swiss and German mission and is ever given a warm reception by the missionaries of the Konigsberg conference. The *Era* is considered a source of material for use in the mission field, and is treated as a warm friend from Zion. In this way it serves as a connecting link between us and home. The Konigsberg conference has seven organized branches, also two new fields of labor. We have a total membership of 684 souls, 107 of whom were baptized during the year 1923, and 23 thus far, in 1924. Many sincere people are proving susceptible to the gospel message from day to day. The conditions here are very favorable for preaching the gospel, as there are but few instances of acute adversity to be found. Two of the seven branches are located in seaport towns, Danzig and Memel, neither of which is subject to German rule, Danzig being a free city and having an operative government of its own, and Memel belongs to Lithuania. In both of these cities they have their distinctive money systems and city ordinances. Travelers are subject to tariff; and passport inspection, every few minutes. Very radical changes are to be noticed in the course of only a very short ride. One may visit a modern factory, in the city, where the latest inventions are brought into operation, and where modern ideas flourish on every side, while on the other hand, in the outlying country districts, only a short distance from the former, the very crudest of implements and the most meager of furnishings are in use. The ox or cow is still used to plow the land, the flour is ground between rocks, mother earth is used as flooring,

and what the father is, so will the son become. The people are unassuming, contented, and easily satisfied; however, they are very sincere, and prove to be ready lovers of the gospel. In Selbongen, we have met with much success. In this field alone there are approximately 300 to 400 friends, and more are being won every day. It is expected, with the coming of Spring, that our numbers will be increased very materially, and especially in this particular district where our friends are so numerous.



"At present there are 18 missionaries laboring in the Königsberg conference, all having the spirit of the work at heart. Their names, as they appear in the picture, from left to right, are: Front row, Roy E. Lundquist, Salt Lake City; J. Russel Hughes, Provo; Horton C. Miller, conference secretary, Farmington; J. Maiben Squires, conference president, Logan; Jesse Curtis, Salt Lake City; Fred D. Kammerman, Salt Lake City; Harold L. Snow, Salt Lake City. Second row, Leslie J. Christensen, Ogden; Otto Menssen, Hamburg, Germany; Glen Draper, Pleasant Grove; Carvel James, Salt Lake City; Lewis H. Hunsaker, Brigham City; Duayne Anderson, Pleasant Grove; Lorenzo S. Walker, Farmington; Raymond L. Kirkham, Lehi. Back row, Paul Zeuner, Leipzig, Germany; Fred Bischoff, Salt Lake City; Adolf O. Reichert, Salt Lake City."—*Horton C. Miller, Königsberg, Germany, February 26, 1924.*

Four Branches of the Church in Berlin

Elder W. M. Hansen, conference president, Berlin, Germany, under date of March 18, reports: "We were exceedingly fortunate in having President David O. McKay with us and President Fred Tadge, with visiting elders from Hamburg, Hannover and Stettin conferences on the date of our conference, March 9, 1924. Due to the tolerance of the Berlin city government, we obtained the use of the City Hall for our Sunday conference meetings. It served our purpose admirably, as it is centrally located and has a large seating capacity. Without advertising we had an attendance of over 1,000 Saints and friends at our Sunday School and afternoon meetings; and at the evening session we had the privilege of preaching the gospel to 1,276 people who had assembled.

Some of our older Saints called attention to the fact that we were holding our meetings that day almost in the shadow of the Alexanderplatz prison where so many elders were confined before the war because they had the audacity to preach forbidden 'Mormonism.'



A COMPANY OF ELDERS IN BERLIN

President David O. McKay and President Fred Tad je of the Swiss-German Mission, Center Bottom Row

Here in Berlin the obstacles which missionaries generally encounter have been removed so that the people have a fair chance to hear the gospel. Persecution either by unfriendly pastors or the press is practically unknown, and what little has been said against us has reacted entirely in our favor by sending many people to our meetings out of curiosity. Friends and investigators greatly outnumber the Saints in Berlin, and we have found it necessary to open a new branch recently, making four branches here now. Our success naturally brings enthusiasm to the elders and Saints.

Since the stabilization of the mark, conditions in general are improving. Most forms of business are picking up as the people are now able to save money toward making purchases. The street beggars who formerly infested the city have practically disappeared and everyone seems to have taken a new lease on life. The Saints in particular are blessed in many ways. There is very little unemployment among them and want is diminishing at a rapid rate. For the past few months we have been able to take care of most of the poor with what we receive as fast offerings or donations to our Relief Societies. We look for the *Era* as a link connecting us with home. Those of our Saints who read English enjoy it as much as we do."—*W. H. Hansen, Berlin, Germany.*

Organization of the French Mission

The semi-annual conference of the Liege conference, Belgium, now a part of the newly organized French mission, was held, commencing at Seraing, February 22, and continuing at Liege, February 23-24-25. Those in attendance were President David O. McKay from Liverpool; President Charles S. Hyde and Sister Lanora Hyde of the Netherlands Mission; Russell H. Blood from Liverpool; President Rulon T. Hinckley and seven elders from the Lausanne conference in Switzerland; F. Orin Woodbury from the Hannover conference in Germany, as well as President Erwin R. Spilsbury, all the traveling elders of the Liege conference and five traveling elders from the Netherlands Mission.

The first meeting was attended by 215 people, 100 or more of whom were friends and investigators. The next evening in Liege the second session was held. Liege was the first branch to be reopened in this territory in 1921, some little time after the Armistice, and since that time commendable results have been obtained by united efforts in all phases of missionary work. It is now the largest branch in the French Mission.

At 10 a. m. Sunday morning 65 Saints and friends gathered at the Natation on the Meuse River to witness the baptism of eleven candidates. In spite of disagreeable weather, it was a most impressive ceremony and was followed by a confirmation meeting for those baptized.

President McKay, the first speaker at the afternoon session, explained the plan of uniting the French-speaking peoples under one mission—up to this time the Lausanne conference having been connected with the Swiss-German mission and the Liege conference adjoined to the Netherlands mission. He stated that the French mission is now an independent unit, and this ought to be an incentive to its members to redouble their efforts to spread the gospel. He then presented Russell H. Blood as president of the French mission. Elder Blood was sustained by a unanimous vote.

At the evening session Conference President Erwin R. Spilsbury reported that attendance in departments and meetings held in 1923 had increased 100% over 1922. President McKay gave a most interesting discourse, speaking first on the great change that has taken place in the Liege conference during the preceding two years. He told of his visit in 1921 when there were only two elders in Belgium and no choir. By relating some incidents on his recent trip to the Holy Land, he showed that Christ-

ianity, as the world practices it today, has failed to bring the "peace and good will" that was announced by the angel heralding the birth of the Savior. "Before such a state of good will can exist, it is necessary that this civilization live Christ's plan, even as he willed it. On the spot where the Lord's birth is recorded by tradition to have taken place, there are four altars for worship, belonging to the Greek Catholic, the Roman Catholic, the Armenian, and the Coptic Churches respectively. At the Armenian altar no Greek Catholic adherent or sympathizer may prostrate himself to offer his supplications, nor may a Roman Catholic bow down before the altar of the Coptics, or *vice versa*. Some time ago two men were killed on this spot of sacred ground because a carpet or a piece of drapery belonging to one altar had been placed accidentally or unintentionally, it seems, just a few inches beyond the line of the altar to which it belonged. At another place of worship, in the interior of a sepulchre are certain old and precious pictures hanging on the walls, only the frames of which are visible, on account of accumulated dust and cobwebs—and all because of the fact that Coptics will not permit Roman Catholics to clean them, nor will the Armenians trust the Greek Catholics to clean them in removing the dirt which hides their beauty." Such striking evidences of "good will toward men" as well as other citations of existing conditions were related by President McKay. He declared that such conditions cannot foster that state which has been promised—"peace on earth and good will toward men."

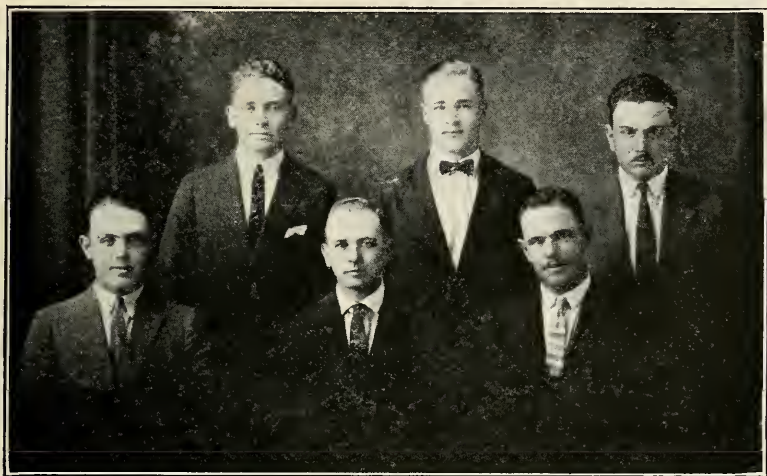
The immediate needs and problems of the new mission were discussed and each worker expressed himself happy to be able to take part in this new, independent unit, the French mission.—*Grant J. Wright, Conference Secy.*



Missionaries, first row, sitting, left to right: Russell H. Blood, French mission president; Erwin R. Spilsbury, Liege conference president; President David O. McKay; Lanora Hyde, President Charles S. Hyde, of the Netherlands mission; Rulon T. Hinckley, president of Lausanne conference, Switzerland; Orin F. Woodbury, Hannover conference president, Germany; second row, standing: Harvey Woodbury, John Scowcroft, Naylor, S. L. Durant, D. L. Goddard, S. C. Ballif, G. B. Higgs, C. V. Cottle, Murdock, K. L. Farr; third row: H. Taylor, J. P. Anderson, Lynch, M. L. Christensen, R. Shupe, W. Trowbridge, G. J. Wright, L. J. Moffat; fourth row: M. Hampton, J. Smith, L. S. Capener, L. Pond and G. R. Daynes.

Interesting News from Hawaii

Elder Henry J. DeHaan, writing from the Kauai conference, Hawaiian mission, reports the elders having enjoyed their labors in that district for the past year. The Lord has been very kind to them and blessed them with success in many ways. "The field is large and there is a big work yet to be done. We have been able to organize two branches and are glad to report that these are making wonderful progress. With the help of the Saints we have been able to get a new car which will help us greatly in pushing the work. The Hawaiian people are kind hearted and very willing to help those in need and to listen to the elders. We are erecting a large social hall that will help the work in Kapae. The crowds that have attended our conference sessions have been too large for our chapels, so we must find a building that can hold more. We appreciate the *Era* as a good friend. We desire to further the good work of the Hawaiian mission and we pray that the same blessings that we enjoy may be with every mission and missionary."



Bottom, left to right: Donald McCormack, Henry J. DeHaan, conference president; Fred E. Lunt. Top: W. Martell Hodson, Don G. Nelson, Radcliffe W. Allred.

Bits of Philosophy

Pride is paralysis of the soul.

It is when you do not work for pay that you really get paid for your work.

He has the clearest sight, who can see most distinctly the flaws in his own character.

The holiest action done in an unholy way, may become the most unholy thing in the world.

He is truly educated who can understand the true, live the good, and appreciate the beautiful.

The impure thought is the most deadly thing in the world; it is more destructive of civilization, and human well-being, than all the wars and pestilences of history.—NEPHI JENSEN.

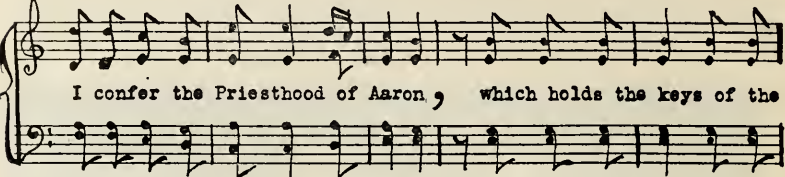
Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood

Chant from "The Plan of Salvation"

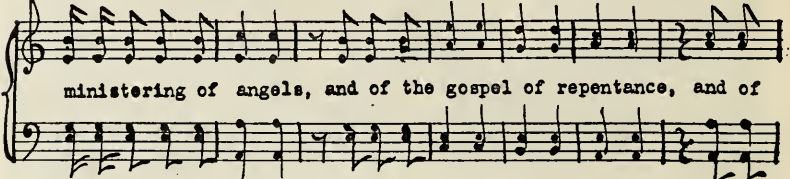
H. E. Giles



Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah



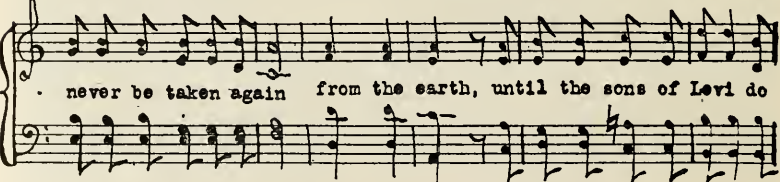
I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the



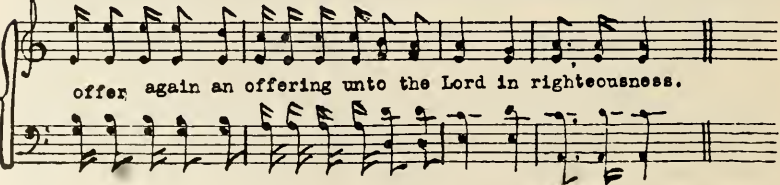
ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of



baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall



never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do



offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.

The Pioneers

Words by Edward H. Anderson

Music by Wm. C. Clive
Salt Lake City

Tempo de March. M. ♩—116.

Piano or Organ.

The first system of the piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music is in a march tempo, with a tempo of 116 beats per minute. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

May be sung as solo with other parts as acc'mp.

The vocal melody for the first system, featuring a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in a march tempo, with a tempo of 116 beats per minute. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

1. We sing, we sing to the Pi-o-neers! Let the hills resound our
2. How the noble band, How the noble band, How the noble band and

The vocal melody for the second system, featuring a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in a march tempo, with a tempo of 116 beats per minute. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

cheers, Let the hills resound, Let the hills resound, Let the
true, Paved the way for me, Paved the way for me, Paved the

our cheers
and true

The vocal melody for the third system, featuring a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in a march tempo, with a tempo of 116 beats per minute. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

hills resound our cheers, Let the hills resound, Let the
way for me and you, In the grav-est fears, Amidst

our cheer
me and you

f *dim.* *Unison ff*

hills resound, Let the hills resound. our cheers, To the
 pain and tears, Let their hap - py children tell,

our cheers
 children tell

cres.

Pi - o-neers, To the Pi - o-neers, Let our songs and echoes

swell. To the Pi - o-neers, To the Pi - o-neers, Let our

** swell..... Interlude*

songs and ech - oes

echoes swell.

D.S.

* Small notes may be sung for 2nd verse.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Choristers' Manual—Lesson VIII—Interpretation

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

In the simple term "interpretation" is embodied everything concerned with the reproduction of a song or a piece of music except the purely physical agencies employed in bringing the notes on paper into being as sound, and even these are involved in such a way as to make it impossible to think of interpretation without taking some of them into account, among these being reading, voice, breathing, enunciation, etc.

The commonest meaning of the word interpret is, "to explain, to elucidate, to make clear the meaning of," and this definition holds good in music, for the conductor or performer finds that his task is to clear to his auditors the message of the composer. In the matter of interpretation, important as are the tasks of the interpreting artist, conductor or performer, consideration of the composer cannot be omitted, for in the words of a recent writer, von Hernberg, the interpreter is a messenger from the composer to the audience. And he goes on to state that, "as a messenger is accountable to both sender and recipient of his message, so is the interpretive artist in a position of two-fold trust, and, therefore, a two-fold responsibility. The sender of his message—creative genius—is behind him; before him sits an expectant and confiding audience, the sovereign addressee. The interpretive artist therefore, first, has to enter into the spirit of his message; to penetrate its ultimate meaning; to read in, as well as between, the lines. And then he has to train and develop his faculties of delivery, of vital production, to such a degree as to enable him to fix his message decisively, and with no danger of being misunderstood, in the mind of the audience."

He might have gone on to say that if one is to be able to understand a message for his own information, and if this understanding is to give him something intelligible and appreciable for his audience, he must be able to read the language in which the message is written. The finer and more subtle meanings of language are plain to us only in proportion to our knowledge of the true meaning of words, and the uses of punctuation.

Music and language are closely analogous. So it is not putting it too forcibly to maintain that a knowledge of all the symbols and signs used in a printed page of music is essential to a correct understanding of the composer's intent, because our present system of notation is so complete and comprehensive as to make it possible to express in minute detail practically every effect desired, and the performer is weak or strong in proportion to his ability or lack of it, to read this music language as easily, and with the same understanding of its various subtleties, as he reads his mother tongue. Therefore, it may be said that *interpretation is founded upon the written language of music—notation*. Added to this for the singer is the text, but the former must be studied as such, while the latter is one of the things we understand because it is the medium in which we express all our thoughts and is consequently at the disposal of all from our earliest experience, and its meaning is infinitely more easily understood. The previous lessons should have opened the way for a close study of notation in general.

One important factor in the written page which contributes to proper interpretation is the tempo sign, at the beginning of the composition, which indicates the rate of speed desired by the composer. This indication is made by the use of words—usually Italian—which must be known if the performer is to get the correct conception of tempo. Briefly, and not too

fastidiously classified (for there are various conceptions of each designation) these may be classified as follows:

The very slowest tempo:

Larghissimo (superlative of Largo).

Adagissimo (superlative of Adagio).

Lentissimo (superlative of Lento).

A very slow tempo:

Largo (from Latin "la r g u s"—broad-large).

Adagio (at ease).

Lento (slow).

A slow tempo:

Larghetto (diminutive of largo).

Adagietto (diminutive of Adagio).

A moderately slow tempo:

Andante (going or walking).

Andantino (diminutive of Andante, meaning literally "going less," but because of a misconception of the term, now more frequently understood as meaning slightly faster than Andante).

A moderate tempo:

Moderato.

A moderately rapid tempo:

Allegro (cheerful).

Allegretto (diminutive of Allegro—a little slower than Allegro).

A very rapid tempo:

Con moto (with motion).

Vivo (lively).

Vivace (vivacious).

Presto (quick).

Presto assai (very quick).

The most rapid tempo possible:

Prestissimo (superlative of Presto).

Vivassissimo (superlative of Vivace).

Allegrissimo (superlative of Allegro).

Prestissimo possibile (hyper-superlative of Presto).

These terms may be, and often are, followed by qualifying words, in which case they should be looked up in a music dictionary, for they are far too numerous to be considered here. The above are the primary designations most commonly used to indicate tempo. Words which indicate change in tempo should also be looked up. These belong to the things that must be understood in writing music. Without further definitions let it be said that the performer must know the meaning of every sign and expression used on a page of music.

Because of the difference in opinion as to the degree of speed designated by the words given above, it is not possible to indicate exact tempo without the aid of the metronome. This is a little clock-like instrument with inverted pendulum, upon which are a series of figures and a movable weight which may be set at any figure and the pendulum caused to swing at a given rate until the weight is moved. As the weight is moved toward the end of the pendulum it moves more slowly and vice versa. Each tick or stick of the metronome is loudly audible and by the ticks the performer governs his tempo. It was invented about 1815 by a Bavarian named Maelzel, and for many years was the only one in existence and was known as the "Maelzel Metronome," and often its use on a composition is printed M. M. (Maelzel's Metronome) followed by a note and some figures, thus: M. M. $\text{♩} = 80$ or just $\text{♩} = 80$. This is carried out like this: Set the weight on the pendulum of the metronome at 80, and every tick will represent a quarter note. This sign $\text{♩} = 64$ would mean to set the weight at 64, and each tick would stand for a half note, and so on. The machine is regulated so as to allow the number of ticks at which the weight is placed to pass in a minute, viz. at 80, eight ticks per minute, etc. There can be no argument about the tempo indicated by the metronome, and every performer should learn to use it as his final court of appeal.

Discussion

1. Define "interpretation."
2. Differentiate between "interpretation" and "expression."
3. What is relationship between performer and composer.
4. Upon what is interpretation dependent? Discuss.
5. Illustrate use of metronome.

Christmas Cantatas

That ward choirs may have sufficient time in which to order and prepare their Christmas cantatas, the following list is given:

The Incarnation—Adam Geibel: Adam Geibel Co.

The Shepherd King—J. Lincoln Hall: Hall Mack Co.

Behold the King—Alfred Judson: Hall Mack Co.

The Story of Christmas—Stults.

All of these cantatas cost 60 cents a copy with 10 per cent off in dozen lots. Order from music stores.



The Leaning Fir Tree

We have all heard the story of the man, who on pointing out to his little boy a grown, leaning tree, and asking him why it leaned that way, received the apt reply, "I don't know unless it was stepped on when it was little."

Life is a process of being stepped on or lifted up, bent or straightened. On the beach of Waiehu, Maui, T. H., there is a fir tree. It has no branches stretching broadly out in all directions, as a normal tree has. Its life has been influenced by an environment few trees know—a steady, ever-blowing trade wind. The breakers race in to shore over nearly a mile of shallow coral, rushing and roaring. Those breakers and that wind have never been known to stop for an instant. And the little fir tree, trying to withstand the strain, has majestically held its trunk upright, but its branches, in the face of great forces of nature, are perverted. They all lean to one side,—*Ora Haven Barlow.*

TRESPASSERS NOT ALLOWED

BY D. C. RETSLOFF

The coffee bubbled in an electric percolator, Elizabeth Straub reached under the edge of the table and pushed the buzzer.

"Send Henry here," she said, as Mary hurried into the room.

"He's gone down to the store, ma'am." Mary eyed her mistress through big, round, steel-rimmed glasses, smoothed her generous expanse of stiffly starched apron and asked, "Is there anything that I can do?"

A pucker was visible on Mrs. Straub's brow. "You may pull those curtains," she said, pointing to the heavy hangings on either side of the French plate window, at the end of the room.

"The valley and the old mission make a beautiful picture this fine morning, the view is wonderful," Mary said as her wrinkled hands drew the curtains and shut out the warm light reflected from the California hills showing green from the early winter rains.

Mrs. Straub snapped a piece of toast. "I know it," she said. "But for the last three days I've been annoyed by two unkempt creatures sitting on the bench at the point. They were there yesterday morning and again in the evening. I want Henry to threaten them with arrest if they come today."

"What do they do?" questioned Mary with the freedom of an old servant.

"They don't do anything, but I'm not going to have to look at two dirty persons sitting on my clean white marble bench every time I eat.

"The valley is like a glimpse of the other world, ma'am."

"It is not a public park," replied Mrs. Straub quickly.

"No ma'am," Mary agreed. "But I can't blame any one for wanting to sit on the point. I'm plumb crazy about it myself. I warrant lots of folks went there before you bought it and put up 'Trespassers not allowed.'"

"Well they are not going to do it now," Mrs. Straub spoke in a positive tone. "I want you to tell Henry just what I've said."

"Yes, ma'am," Mary nodded her gray head and left the darkened room.

The grandfather's clock in the hall was striking seven when Henry Harlow walked into the living room where Mrs. Straub sat turning the leaves of a magazine.

"I've scurried every nook and corner of the grounds this evening, ma'am, and not a sign of a tramp can I find."

"Tramp? What tramp?" Mrs. Straub inquired raising her brows.

"Mary said that two dirty tramps were annoying you by sitting on the bench at the point. All I saw out there was two kids—one about six and the other not much more than three."

"Mary is getting stupid," said Mrs. Straub a little sharply. "I did not say tramps, I meant two dirty little boys—undoubtedly the ones you saw. Did you order them away?"

"They were such little duffers, ma'am, and the biggest one looks—looks so much like—" Henry glanced across the room at a large painting hanging on the wall and finished slowly, "Well, ma'am, the biggest one talked kind of unearthly."

"Indeed!" The woman's voice hardened. "Your feelings should never interfere with your duty. I thought I made that plain to you seven years ago."

"I've not forgotten, ma'am," Henry said fixing his eyes on the portrait. "But when I asked them what they were doing on the point the biggest boy said, 'Watching the valley of the shadows.' It gave me a queer feeling. I couldn't threaten them 'specially after the biggest one looked at me with his big brown eyes. They made me think of Mr. ——"

"That will do," she interrupted. "Your wife has more courage than you have. Tell her to watch the point tomorrow morning and if those boys are there, I want her to scare the wits out of them. You know how I dislike boys anyhow."

Henry went back to the kitchen and Elizabeth Straub sank farther down in the deep leather chair. The glow from the rose colored shade on the floor lamp fell softly over her face with its graying hair. The diamonds on her slender hands sparkled with all the tints of the rainbow as they caught and reflected the light. The night wind blowing through the half open west window gently swayed the lamp shade and its long fringe fluttering in the draft threw dancing shadows on the face of the brown-eyed boy in the heavy gilt frame.

From her place in the easy chair Elizabeth looked at the picture. Tears welled in her eyes but with an effort she winked them back and forced her lips into a thin, hard line. She would not think of the past she told herself and she turned to the pages of the magazine.

It was to a wonderful world, bathed in the gold of November's sunshine, that Elizabeth Straub opened her eyes the next morning. Mocking birds sang in the eucalyptus, on the terrace of the canyon; humming birds darted in and out among the budding branches of the climbing rose, on the sun porch; long shoots of poinsettia flaunted vermilion bracts below their yellowish flowers; pepper trees with foliage dainty as a bridal veil stretched aromatic branches on either

side of the driveway leading from the street to the vine covered garage.

But Elizabeth Straub was not thinking of the beauty of the southern land as she crossed to the window of the dining room. She was thinking of a brown-eyed child who grew into a tall young man and—but her chain of thought was broken suddenly at seeing Mary, her faithful housekeeper, walking along the path with a small boy on either side of her. She noted an unusual springiness in the old woman's step, and as they came nearer she heard, through the open window, a crackled laugh mingling with the shrill treble of childish voices.

For a minute she closed her eyes and covered her ears with her hands; laughter, especially the laughter of boys had annoyed her for years. Her face was pale and her lips bore the imprints of her teeth as she turned to the table and pushed the electric bell.

"Yes, ma'am," Mary panted as she hurried in. "Everything is ready. Such a glorious morning—every heart ought to be full of love."

"Did you tell those boys to stay away from here?" Mrs. Straub asked without paying any attention to Mary's remarks.

"They didn't come this morning, ma'am, I—"

"Mary! How can you stand there and tell me an untruth?"

"Sure as I'm born, ma'am, I nearly chased my legs off watching for two dirty boys, 'big, dirty boys' is what Henry said I was to look out for, and never the hide nor the hair of such a pair did I see."

"You were talking to the boys, I meant."

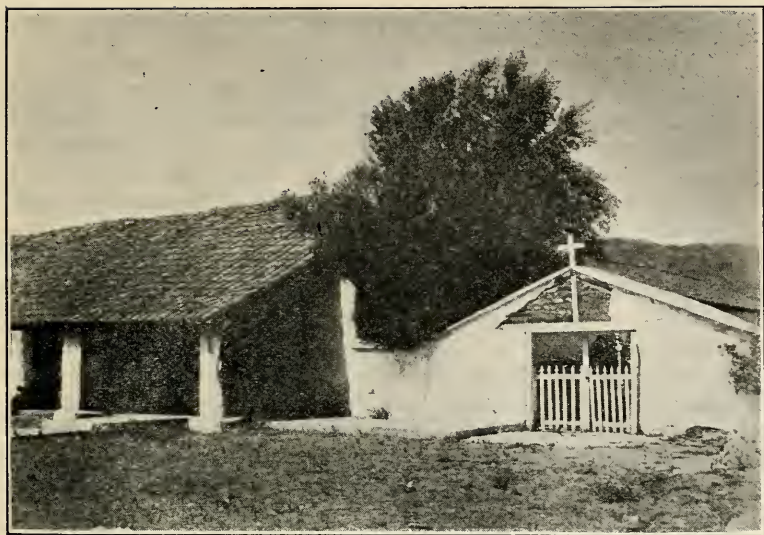
"For the love of Mike, ma'am, you can't mean them two brown-eyed babies. They're that interesting you'd love them, 'specially the biggest one he looks like—like—a serpent—I mean he's wise as a serpent and as old fashioned as—as a spinning wheel."

"Indeed, Mary, and what was the wisdom that so impressed you?"

Mary regarded her mistress with disapproving eyes as she answered, "Well, when I went out to the point those babies were sitting there as still as a Quaker meeting house. They never looked around until I asked them what they were doing there. Then the biggest chap, bless his heart, pointed toward the old Mission and said, 'We're watching the valley of shadows.' I asked him what he meant and in the feelingest way he said—"

Mrs. Straub lifted her hand, "Really Mary you are getting to be a foolish old woman. You need not repeat any more of what he said. I'll attend to those boys myself if they come around again this evening. I won't have them coming to my point."

Later that afternoon Mrs. Straub, wearing a lavender colored dress, with fine lace at neck and wrists and a long string of jet beads, walked quickly along the bluff to the bench at the point.



Pala Mission Chapel and Entrance to Indian Burial Grounds, San Diego county, Calif.

She spread a steamer rug on the white marble and sat down. The sun hung low in the west. Fantastic shadows from jutting points and from tall palms added depths of purple to the soft coloring of the valley. Far down the road a band of sheep were moving toward an adobe walled fold. Green fields in the open lay flat and smooth, like Oriental rugs on a hard-wood floor. A breeze winging through the gap in the hills brought a tang of salt air from the sea.

She turned from the quiet beauty of the scene below with a nervous start. Two blue-coveredlled boys, wearing frayed straw hats, sprang up from nowhere and stood at the end of the bench.

"What are you doing on my point?" she demanded bluntly.

The larger of the two children met her gray eyes with unflinching brown ones. "It was our point for a long time. Mother used to bring us here when there was no bench."

"Where is your mother?"

"Down there," he pointed to the valley.

"Where, what do you mean?"

Again his brown eyes, so like a pair of brown ones that she had been trying to forget, met her gray ones, "Why, don't you know about the valley?" Then leaning forward and looking at her intently for an instant, he asked in a half whisper, "Are you a mother-in-law?"

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "What a question, and what has that to do with the valley?"

"Nothing," he began slowly, "only mother said, 'No use to

waste breath on some mother-in-laws, cause they are hard-hearted and never understand things right."

"Tell me about the valley," she said dryly.

"Let Rob get up on the seat—at that end," he added as he saw her disapproving glance shift to the bare feet of his little brother.

"I suppose you want to get up, too," she said drawing the steamer rug over her silk skirt.

"No, I'm Daniel. You know 'bout Daniel Boone, don't you? He lived with the Indians and—"

"Never mind about him," she interrupted. "I want to know why you come to my point, and why you say that your mother is down there?"

Daniel turned his eyes to the north and with a quiver of his square chin began: "When I was little and Rob was littler, mother was sick. Once when we came here she talked to us about the valley. She told us that she had to go down into the valley to get well, she called it the valley of shadows. She said that we couldn't go with her, but that we must fear no evil, that God would change a hard heart and then some one would find us and love us."

"Where is your father?"

"Mother gave him to our country, and then God took him."

"Where do you live?"

"At the home for boys and girls. Look!" He stretched his thin hand and pointed east, "The shadows are most all over the valley. Come Rob, Mr. Peck said if we were late again, we'd have to go without supper."

"Who is Mr. Peck?" Mrs. Straub asked as she stood up.

"He's the 'Boss' man at the 'Home.' He's awful tall and narrow through here," Daniel measured Rob's chest. "Mother told me never to argue with a narrow person. Mother—"

The child stopped speaking and leaned forward with his eyes focused on Mrs. Straub's waist.

"What are you looking at?" she demanded.

"Do you pray?" he asked.

"Mercy, child, what do you mean?"

"Mother had some beads most like yours, and when she had them on she always told us 'bout 'each bead a prayer.' " His voice trembled, and Mrs. Straub looked down at the ground as if searching for something she had lost.

Hand in hand the two bare-footed children trotted along the rim of the bluff. Mrs. Straub followed slowly. She stopped under a rustic pergola, gay with the blossoms of an immense bougainvillea and waited until Henry came up the terraced path from the gathering dusk of the canyon below.

"I want you to go over to the 'Children's Home' the first thing in the morning," she said.

Henry smiled, rubbed his hands together, and said, "I saw you

talking to the two codgers. Ain't the big one a wonder? Mary told me what he said to her this morning. It's the truth that out of the mouths of babes—"

"Never mind your quotations, Henry," she interrupted. "I want you to go down there the very first thing after breakfast, and tell the person who has charge of the place that those boys must not come out to the point again."

The smile faded from the old man's wrinkled face, he dropped his hands and said slowly, "Very well, ma'am, but they are such little duffers, and the biggest one with his brown eyes is so like Mr.——"

"You are always imagining things, Henry," Mrs. Straub again interrupted before she turned and started back to the house.

The hall clock was striking the hour of twelve the next day when Henry Harlow came up the canyon trail. He pushed a wheelbarrow and in it lay a small boy. Close behind him came another boy pulling a dilapidated express wagon.

Mrs. Straub immediately recognized the two children as the ones she had seen several times on her premises. She hurried from the house and met them as they stopped beside the vine covered garage.

"Henry Harlow," she began. "What do you mean by bringing these boys up here?"

Henry scratched the thin hair under the brim of his hat, reached over and pulled an old blanket around the child in the barrow before he replied: "You see, it's this way, ma'am, Mr. Peck is in San Francisco."

"Well, what business is that of yours?"

"Maybe none, ma'am, but the Matron has her hands full; she showed me a letter and I thought we ought to take these two little duffers and keep them up here. Most of the young ones down there got the measles."

"I'm not going to take care of any children from an orphanage, you know I can't stand the sight of boys."

"No, ma'am, yes, ma'am, but Mary can. I 'low him in the barrow's getting something right now. He's hot as——"

"That will do, Henry. It seems to me that you've forgotten that you and Mary work for me. I don't want these boys in my house, understand?"

"Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am, I mean that—that I can take them in the store room off the garage. Mary will be tickled half to death to give them a little of the mothering God planned on them having when he sent them into this world."

"Indeed, and since when have you had permission to turn my garage into an orphanage hospital?"

Henry did not reply. Daniel's big brown eyes studied Mrs. Straub's face for a moment, then he pulled the little old wagon up

close to the wheel barrow and said: "Get in here, Rob, she don't like us."

Henry Harlow did not look at his mistress. He straightened his drooping shoulders, deliberately lifted the child from the barrow and walked into the house.

Mrs. Straub took a step forward, paused, turned and went down the path toward the bench on the point. She was angry. She sat down on the cold marble and let her gaze wander up the valley to the soft yellow walls of the old Mission. It was a beautiful picture and she never saw it without a strange thrill at her heart, she could not be angry while she watched the valley.

She closed her eyes and reflected. For seven years Henry had been trying to make her feel as if she had done a wrong; had lost no opportunity of keeping before her the memory of the son she had disowned when he married against her wishes. Now he was trying to remind her of the past by foisting upon her notice a brown-eyed boy from an orphanage. She would not put up with his impertinence, she would not allow those children to remain under her roof; she would teach Henry a lesson.

With a look of determination on her face, she hurried toward the house. At the door of the living room she paused as she heard Henry say:

"Now, Daniel, turn your head toward the window and don't move until I bring Mary."

Mrs. Straub gasped at what she saw as she looked through an opening between the velvet curtains. The child, Daniel, was standing beside the life sized portrait, and, except for his clothing he might have just stepped from the frame, so closely did his face resemble the one on the wall. She drew farther back as Henry and Mary entered. She caught the tremor in the old man's voice as he said: "Look, Mary. I'm so glad I made her keep that painting. If I can't soften her this time I'll feel like giving up, although I've said that I'd never stop until I made her realize that she must get that bitterness out of her heart before she can have any happiness."

"Sure as you are born, Henry," said Mary, "the boy and the picture might be the same. Why don't you go and bring her in here? I got to go back to that other blessed lamb, he's hot as cayenne."

Mary padded away and Mrs. Straub parted the velvet hangings, "Why are you in here?" she demanded.

"He—they—are so alike ma'am," Henry stammered pointing to the picture and then to the child. "I saw it the other day and this morning down at the 'Home' the Matron gave me a—"

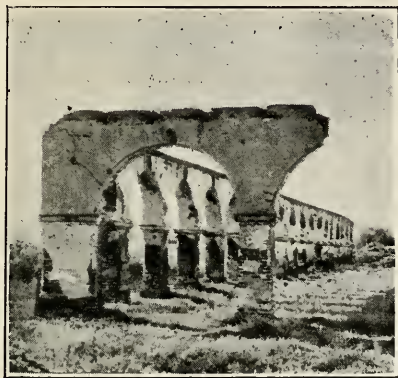
"Stop!" she commanded. "Leave the room and take that boy with you."

As soon as Elizabeth Straub was alone she went from window

to window in the long living room, pulling the shades and shutting out every ray of light. Then she flung herself down on the davenport and gave up to reflection.

"She would pay no attention to Henry. She would make him take the picture from the wall and destroy it. Why was he trying to foist this brown-eyed boy upon her? She would make him take the children back to the orphanage. Her own son had defied her, she would show no kindness to the boy of strangers. Daniel's question, 'Do you pray?' had both hurt and angered her; had awakened a strain of memory that she had vowed to forget. Yes, Henry must take them back immediately."

The clock struck four as she sat up. Her hands shook as she smoothed her disordered hair; she took off the jet beads, started to



Arches at San Luis Rey Mission, Built in
1769, San Diego, California

fling them to the other end of the room but paused, something made her press them to her lips and she put them around her neck again as she went down into the kitchen and asked Mary where she could find Henry.

"He's out at the point just now," replied the old woman, "but he's going—"

Mrs. Straub did not wait to hear any more, she passed through the kitchen and walked quickly along the path.

Henry turned half guiltily as he saw his mistress approaching, "We're—going—going—" he began.

Mrs. Straub looked down into the valley. The shadows were lengthening over the fields. They softened the uneven brown road along which a flock of sheep were moving toward the adobe fold. A small white object caught and held her attention. It was a lamb, struggling to free itself from a patch of cactus. Poor, helpless, wee lamb! Something gripped her heart, a lump came into her throat.

Poor little orphan boy! Almost without knowing it she said: "Why, Henry, Daniel's going to stay with us."

"Glory be!" The old man dropped on his knees and half whispered, "My prayers are answered. After seven years you will be my own happy mistress again. I knew Mr. Ray's child almost at once."

"Henry! What do you mean?" her face changed to the color of marble as she asked the question.

"Why ma'am, when the Matron heard your name she gave me a letter to read. It was written last June by your son's wife when she was dying out here alone. Every day for seven years I've prayed that you might hear from Mr. Ray, and now you will have his sons for your own."

Elizabeth Straub steadied her voice and said: "Hurry down there and ask the Matron for the letter, Henry."

Then she took Daniel in her arms and sat down on the marble bench overlooking the valley where the wee lamb had pulled itself free from the cactus.

San Diego, Calif.

MORDAUNT, SON OF TROUBLE

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

Governor Mordaunt had ordered out the state militia that morning to quell the striking miners. Simultaneously he had sent for Oliver Hamer, the capitalist. How he would come out in the interview he did not know. Unless he won and brought the opposing factions together, it would mean bloodshed, but the long-drawn-out conflict was already bringing ruin to the state. The strike brought evils in its wake, hatred, suffering, poverty and death. Eastern capital that this young state—with its vast mineral wealth scarcely tapped—needed so badly, was being withdrawn because of the unsettled conditions.

Steve Mordaunt decided that things could not be much worse, so he took a chance on improving them.

Broad of shoulder, square of jaw, at middle life Governor Mordaunt was very much of a man. The thin lips, drawn into a straight line by years of repression, were redeemed by the light of the eyes that bespoke the intelligence behind them.

For the battle that he proposed to wage with the politician who controlled the destinies of the state he had been well prepared. He had been reared by his mother in a pioneer community where poverty was calamity. He had been jilted by the girl he loved. What was

a mere summer flirtation to her had left him scarred for years. The woman that he afterward married became an invalid. That taught him patience. He had been sent as a buffer between disgruntled settlers and the stockholders of an irrigation project. He emerged from this experience at the end of five years with little but courage. His partner died and left him with unsettled debts. Somehow he had paid them. It taught him resourcefulness. Elected county commissioner he had antagonized the boulevardiers by building good roads for the farmers. His son, a foolish youth, was an automobile fiend and had injured a child.

At the state convention Stokes, a professional politician, and Baker, an industrial millionaire, had tied for the governorship. Steve Mordaunt, the dark horse, had been led out and raced to victory. The Governor, before Hamer arrived, had gone into his secret chamber to pray. On the wall hung a picture of the martyr president, Abraham Lincoln. He had decreed that one human being could not own another. To carry his point he had plunged a nation into the red destruction of war. That he had carried it through to its successful conclusion was because he had been trained to it by the vicissitudes of life. Mordaunt remembered as a schoolboy that he had counted up thirty-two things that Abe Lincoln had tried before he became president of the United States. The governor wondered if the hardships that he had been through would make him any match for Hamer, the Richelieu of the state—the man who was not heard of much in public, but whose Italian hand was felt everywhere.

Mr. Hamer was announced. The interview that followed sapped Mordaunt's strength. He had met a "foeman worthy of his steel." Victory lies with the offensive and the governor threatened to attack the mine owners' patents on information unearthed by the attorney general before Hamer finally capitulated. He agreed to get the stockholders to compromise with the workers. The governor had won. Hamer extended his hand.

"Mordaunt, when we chose a governor, we had to have a man with integrity, one who would stand for the right as he saw it. New enterprizes were opening in the state and we wanted a man we could depend on. I thought you were such a one. I have found I was not mistaken.

Strangely spent, Mordaunt sank into a chair. The words of an old doctor came to him, "When nature wants to make a beautiful landscape, before she arranges her foliage, she brings out her scrubbing brush, gets down on her knees and goes to work. She grinds the rock, launches the storm, directs the water, and works for ages before she plants her seed."

So Mordaunt had learned to do the unpleasant things of life. He thought, "When God wants to make a man, he trains him with ordeals and trouble, that he may become strong to do his work."

"AMERICA"—A GOOD, OLD INDIAN WORD

BY J. M. SJODAHL

In the *Improvement Era* for December, 1920, an article appears in which the question of the origin of the name "America" is discussed, and a contribution by Prof. Jules Marcou to the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1875, is quoted at some length.

The writer maintains that the name of our great country is of Central Indian origin; that it was brought to Spanish seaports and sailors' resorts by returning mariners, and that it gradually found its way to the literary workshops of men of letters of cartographers. Notwithstanding the hastily formed conclusion of Waldseemueller, our country was not, Prof. Marcou argues, named in honor of Vespucci.

This proposition, which is contrary to the almost unanimous opinion of the world at present, appears to me to be of so great importance as to justify further inquiry with a view to ascertaining as far as possible just what foundation it has. For this reason the following information received from Mrs. William H. King, who, at my request, has made inquiries at the Pan-American library at Washington, is offered, from which it will be seen that the name, *Amerrique* is found in a work by the celebrated English scientist, Thomas Belt, F. G. S., entitled, *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, first published in London, 1873. The author, Mr. Belt, lived in the province of Chontales from 1868 to 1872, and was employed as superintendent of the Chontales Gold Mining Company. The authority of Mr. Belt as a keen observer and an accurate writer is very high, and there is no possibility of error in the statement concerning a name of a mountain range, which must have been as familiar to him as the name "Wasatch" now is to the people in Utah, particularly when set forth in a work that is recognized as a classic among the literature of natural history.

The following is a copy of the pages in which the name *Amerrique* occurs:

The Naturalist in Nicaragua

By Thomas Belt, F.G.S.

LONDON, 1888

Chapter IX, P. 154.—"We gradually ascended the range that separates the water-shed of the Lake of Nicaragua from that of the Blewfields river, passing over grassy savannahs. About two leagues from Libertad there are many old Indian graves, covered with mounds of earth and stones. A well-educated Englishman, Mr. Fairbairn, has taken up his abode at this place, and is growing maize and rearing cattle. There are many evidences of a large Indian population having lived at this spot, and their pottery and fragments of their stones for bruising maize have been found in some graves that have been opened. Mr. Fairbairn got me several of these curiosities,

Amongst them are imitations of the heads of armadillos, and other animals. Some of these had formed the feet of urns, others were rattles, containing small balls of baked clay. The old Indians used these rattles in their solemn religious dances, and the custom is probably not yet quite obsolete, for as late as 1823 Mr. W. Bullock saw, in Mexico, Indian women dancing in a masque representing the court of Montezuma, and holding rattles in their right hands, to the noise of which they accompanied their motions. Several stone axes have been found, which are called 'thunderbolts' by the natives, who have no idea that they are artificial, although it is less than four hundred years ago since their forefathers used them. Like most of the ancient Indian towns, the place is a very picturesque one. At a short distance to the west, rise great perpendicular cliffs, and huge isolated rocks and pinnacles. The name of this range gives us a clue to the race of the ancient inhabitants. In the highlands of Honduras, as has been noted by Squiers, the termination of *tique* or *rique* is of frequent occurrence in the names of places, as *Chaparistique*, *Lepaterique*, *Llotique*, *Ajuterique*, and others. The race that inhabited this region were the Lenca Indians, often mentioned in the accounts given by the missionaries of their early expeditions into Honduras. I think that the Lenca Indians were the ancient inhabitants of Chontales, that they were the 'Chontals' of the Nahuatl or Aztecs of the Pacific side of the country, and that they were partly conquered, and their territories encroached upon by the latter before the arrival of the Spaniards, as some of the Aztec names of places in Nicaragua do not appear to be such as could be given originally by the first inhabitants: thus Juigalpa, pronounced Hueygalpa, is southern Aztec for 'Big Town'."

Chapter X, p. 176.—"The site of Juigalpa is beautifully chosen, as is usual with the old Indian towns. It is on a level, dry piece of land, about three hundred feet above the river. A rocky brook behind the town supplies the water for drinking and cooking purposes. The large square or plaza has the church at one end; on the other three sides are red-tiled adobe houses and stores, with floors of clay or red bricks. Streets branch off at right angles from the square, and are crossed by others. The best houses are those nearest the square. Those on the outskirts are mere thatched hovels, with open sides of bamboo poles. The house I stayed at was at the corner of one of the square blocks, and from the angle the view extended in four directions along the level roads. Each way the prospect was bounded by hills in the distance. Northeast were the white cliffs of the *Amerrique* range, mantled with dark woods. The intervening country could not be seen, and only a small portion of the range itself; framed in, as it were, by the sides of the street. It looked close at hand, like a piece of artificial rockery, or the grey walls of a castle covered with ivy. The range to the southwest is several miles distant; and is called San Miguelito by the Spaniards, but I could not learn its Indian name."

Chapter X, p. 178.—"Having finished our business in Juigalpa, we arranged to start on our return early the next morning, Valasquez going round by Acoyapo whilst Rito accompanied me to the mines. I had a fowl cooked overnight to take with us, and set off at six o'clock. I shall make some remarks on the road on points not touched on in my account of the journey out. After leaving Juigalpa, we descended to the river by a rocky and steep path, crossed it, and then passed over alluvial-like plains, intersected by a few nearly dry river beds, to the foot of the south-western side of the *Amerrique* hills, then gradually ascended the range that separates the Juigalpa district from that of Libertad. The ground was gravelly and dry, with stony hillocks covered with low trees and bushes."

Chapter X, p. 183.—"At last we reached the summit of the range, which is probably not less than three thousand feet above the sea, and entered on the district of Libertad. Rounded, boggy hills covered with grass, sedgy

plants and stunted trees, replaced the dry, gravelly soil of the Juigalpa district."

Chapter X, P. 184.—"Our road now lay over the damp, grassy hills of the Libertad district. It edged away from the *Amerrique* range on our right. To our left, about three miles distant, rose the dark sinuous line of the great forest of the Atlantic slope. Only a fringe of dark foliated trees in the foreground was visible, the higher ground behind was shrouded in a sombre pall of thick clouds that never lifted, but seemed to cover a gloomy and mysterious country beyond. Though I had dived into the recesses of these mountains again and again, and knew that they were covered with beautiful vegetation and full of animal life, yet the sight of that leaden-colored barrier of clouds resting on the forest tops, whilst the savannahs were bathed in sunshine, ever raised in my mind vague sensations of the unknown and the unfathomable. Our course was nearly parallel to this gloomy forest, but we gradually approached it. The line that separates it from the grassy savannahs is sinuous and irregular. In some places a dark promontory of trees juts out into the savannahs, in others a green, grassy hill is seen almost surrounded by forest."

Chapter XVII, p. 324.—"As we rode on, the grass increased; there were swampy places in the hollows, and now and then very muddy spots on the road. On every side the prospect was bounded by long ranges of hills—some of them precipitous, others covered to the summits with dark foliated trees, looking nearly black in the distance. About noon we came in sight of the *Amerrique* range, which I recognized at once, and knew that we had reached the Juigalpa district, though still several leagues distant from the town."

It being established, then, in the first place, that the Indians of Central America had a number of proper nouns ending in "rique", as does our "America", if the sounds and not the letters are considered; and, in the second place, that they had the very name, *Amerrique* applied to a certain section of their mountainous country, there is no escape from the conclusion that "America" is a good, old American word, and not a poorly Latinized form of the given name of Vespucci, of whom Emerson, in his wrath, said that his "highest naval rank was boatswain's mate in an expedition that never sailed."

The question of the origin and the meaning of the name is one for philologists to consider.

A Child and the Wind

All night long the wind it blows,
Why it blows, nobody knows,
Piling soft snow, flake on flake,
Covering mountains, hills, and lake.

Sings a song out o'er the sea,
Whispers strangest tales to me;
Makes an awful chimney fuss,
Blowing down the gathered dust.
Hollywood, Calif,

The wind, queerest of all things,
Often gentle as soft wings,
Seems in anger after me,
Howling in the apple tree.

While I pray the wind still blows;
I'm afraid, but no one knows,
While the wind it blows, blows, blows,
Blows, blows, blows, blows, blows

VIRGINIA BLAIR

Editors' Table

Items of General Information

The closing address of President Heber J. Grant at the late annual Church conference, contains a number of very interesting items of general information showing the trend of public activities. He announced that the special drive made recently for clothes and means for the suffering people in Europe, resulted in the sending of four car-loads of clothing to Europe by the Church, the railroad and steamship companies furnishing transportation practically free of charge. "It has been estimated that the cash received, \$12,000 of which went to the Near East organization, and the clothing, would amount in round numbers to fully \$100,000. Sixty odd thousand was the estimate placed upon the clothing sent." Assistance was rendered to the people of Netherlands and Germany, to the Armenians, and also to those of the Near East, with some assistance to Great Britain.

Other selections from the address deserve consideration:

Progress and Increase in Many Church Activities

There has been a substantial increase in the attendance at our sacrament meetings during the past year. There has been better ward-teaching and an increase in the number of families visited monthly; statistics show an increase in our tithes, a large increase in the number of tithe-payers, and a splendid record of the stake and ward officers in the payment of tithes, for which we are grateful.

An extensive building program is being carried out in many of the stakes of Zion. New meetinghouses are being erected and the people are very liberal in their donations for the same.

In the conservation of life, the records show a marked decrease in the deaths of children under five years of age, showing that better methods are being adopted all through the state to prevent our little ones from passing away in their infancy.

For the first time, more people have removed to the missions of the Church from the stakes of Zion than have been received from the missions. A splendid work is being done, as I announced here at the opening of our conference, by the missionaries in every part of the world.

It is estimated that there have been 1200 converts to the Church as a result of our home missionary work in the various stakes of Zion.

The work of increasing the accommodations in the Salt Lake temple has been completed, and has proved a great convenience to those attending this temple. The facilities have been very greatly enlarged and are highly appreciated by those who are working in that temple.

The Manti temple has been thoroughly overhauled and renovated.

The frame-work of the Arizona temple is now completed and the terra-cotta is being delivered. The building is to be covered with terra-cotta—the same general style of covering as the Hotel Utah. The walls will be completed within a few months.

Condition in the Missions

There is a marked improvement in the conditions for missionary work in Great Britain. The Netherlands mission is very prosperous, having very many investigators. The French mission has just been created, comprising the French people in the devastated regions of France, the French-speaking people of Belgium, and the French-speaking people of Switzerland.

The Sugar Industry

I am very happy to inform the Latter-day Saints that there has been a very wonderful and remarkable "come-back" in the sugar industry of this inter-mountain country. Instead of the various sugar factories being in debt many, many millions of dollars of money to the banks in New York and Chicago, with large stocks of sugar on hand and no sale for it, there is now a demand for sugar throughout the entire country and almost without exception, if not without exception, (I am not thoroughly posted) the companies are not in debt to bankers who were unwilling three years ago, without additional capital being invested, to renew obligations that they held. Today, most if not all of the companies are free from bank obligations in the East and the industry has come back in a splendid way; for which we are grateful. The farmers are giving loyal support and raising larger quantities of beets, which means an increased product, which means an increase of prosperity to this inter-mountain country.

Give Loyal Support to Home Institutions

From my earliest recollection, I have heard Brigham Young and all of his successors preach to the people and beg them to support and sustain all of the various industries that were established throughout this inter-mountain country; and I appeal to the Latter-day Saints today, to all who are here present, to carry the message to the people throughout the entire Church—to support the institutions of our state, to be loyal to those institutions through which employment can be given to the people, and from which you can secure articles that are manufactured here at home. Give them the preference; help to build up our country; sustain this inter-mountain country. We need support for everything that is started in the nature of a manufacturing institution in this country. We are so far away from the centers of consumption for many of our products that railroad freight charges prevent us exporting many goods which, but for the long distance to

the markets, we could do. Therefore, let us be loyal to our institutions here at home.

The Terrible Catastrophe at Castle Gate

We have had one of the most terrible catastrophies in the history of the state of Utah, on which occasion one hundred seventy-three, as I remember it, lives were lost in the Castle Gate coal mine explosion. It fell to my lot, with Elder Richard R. Lyman and others, to visit Castle Gate and to see the effects of that terrible calamity there. The governor of the state and others have inaugurated a drive for the benefit of the families that have been left destitute of a provider. I hope and pray that in every hamlet, and in every home there will be a disposition to contribute something toward this great drive for the benefit of the families of the men who were killed in that great disaster. There is nothing truer than the statement in ancient writ that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and I say that the greater blessing will come to those who give than to those who are not willing to give in this case. Let us do our part, as we have ever done our part in all of the various calls that have been made by our nation in times of trouble and by those in distress. I am sure that the appeal will not be made in vain. The Church has been solicited to assist and we have contributed \$2500 of the tithing funds for this purpose, which was somewhat more than the request made by the chairman who called upon us.

Prayer for the President of the United States

I pray that the Lord will bless the President of the United States of America and his cabinet, and that he may vindicate the President and every honest member of his cabinet; and I believe that there are honest, upright, God-fearing, patriotic men in the cabinet of President Coolidge. I believe he is a man worthy of the blessings of Almighty God. That is my opinion of the President of the United States. I believe that he has the welfare of the people of this great country at heart.

Blessings on all Israel, at Home and Abroad

I pray that the Lord will bless each and every one of the Latter-day Saints throughout all the stakes of Zion, from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south. I pray that he will bless the Saints all over the wide world, in all the different missions, that they may grow and increase in the light and the knowledge and the testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I bear my witness to you here today that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of the world, the Redeemer of mankind, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and living God, and that each man, woman and child who live the gospel of Jesus Christ shall find life eternal in the presence of our heavenly Father.

BOOKS

Applied Character Analysis, by John T. Miller, editor of *The Character Builder*, director of the Psychological Library and the Vocational Bureau, Los Angeles, California, 223 pages, dedicated to all who use the true science of mind in human improvement, physically, socially, intellectually, morally and spiritually. The book contains many excellent things in the twenty-seven chapters devoted to a variety of subjects pertaining to human conservation and physical and intellectual development. There are chapters devoted to the progress of phrenology, character analysis, criminology, memory training, child culture, and vocational guidance. The book is richly illustrated by quotations from noted authors upon all these and other points, besides the original comments and statements of Dr. Miller whose labors in this direction covers a period of many years. The book is well worth a careful study by people interested in the science of mind. Dr. Miller was formerly a professor in the L. D. S. University, Salt Lake City, and has had a wonderful experience in the science of which he treats. Richard G. Badger, publisher, Boston, Mass.

The Army Boy of the Sixties, a story of the plains, by Major Alson B. Ostrander, illustrated with drawings by H. T. Fiske, and with photographs; 272 pages, published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-On-Hudson, New York; introduction by Howard R. Driggs, Professor of English, School of Education, University of Utah. On sale by the author, price \$2.25.

This is said to be the only book ever published, written by a private soldier describing conditions on the "Overland" and the "Bozeman Trails" and events around Ft. Laramie, Reno and Phil Kearny, during the fall and winter of 1866 and 1867. The book can be obtained only from the author, whose address is 501 West 182nd Street, New York City. Major Ostrander was formerly a member of Company B, 2nd Battalion, 18 Infantry, U. S. A., and was on the clerical staff of General Philip St. George Cook. In the twenty-five chapters of his book, besides the five divisions of the appendix, we have a very interesting account of personal experiences and of the inside view of every day army life within the barracks, during the Civil War period.

In the text we get illuminating glimpses and a close view of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and other notables, and of General Philip St. George Cook, in whom the western people are much interested on account of his contact with the Mormon Battalion. So also do we get close-up pictures of Indian fighters, cavalymen, and of old Jim Bridger, the scout and mountaineer. The stories, of which there are many, and many of which are thrilling, are told in a plain, unpretentious way, making them full of personal interest such as one seldom finds in ordinary histories.

War Bonus

The war veterans' bonus bill, May 19, passed the Senate over the veto of President Coolidge by a vote of 59 to 26. For each day of home service above the first sixty days, \$1 will be allowed; and for each day of overseas service above sixty days, \$1.25 will be given. If this adjusted service does not amount to more than \$50 it will be paid in cash. All the other will be paid up insurance. The work will require the search of 167,000,000 war records, with 27 different checking operations, and will require 2,800 additional clerks in the war department.

Mutual Work

M. I. A. General Conference

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY, JUNE 6, 7, 8.

Friday, June 6

Assembly and Registration of Delegates, Assembly Hall Grounds—9 a. m.
Community Singing. General Joint Session, Assembly Hall—10 a. m.

Department Meetings—1:30 p. m.: Joint: Recreation, Standards, Music, Advanced Senior. Separate Y. M. and Y. L.: Presidents and Secretaries, Organization and Membership, Finance and Publications, Senior, Junior, Boy Scouts, and Bee-Hive.

Department Session—2:30 p. m.: Joint committees on Recreation and Executive Officers. Department Session. Class leaders of Advanced Senior, Senior, (Y. L. and Y. M.), Junior (Y. M. and Y. L.), and Bee-Hive Departments.

Try-outs for M Men from different districts of the Church in public speaking and male quartet singing 3:30 p. m.

Saturday, June 7

Separate Meetings of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. Officers—9 a. m.

Y. M. M. I. A.—Department Meetings.

Y. L. M. I. A.—General Session.

Joint Department Meeting—Advanced Senior.

Y. M. M. I. A.—General Session.

Y. L. M. I. A.—Department Meetings.

Joint Department Meeting—Committees on Recreation.

1:30 p. m.

Y. L. M. I. A.—General Session.

Y. M. M. I. A.—Department Meetings.

8:00 p. m.

General Joint Session.

Sunday, June 8

Joint Testimony Meeting, Assembly Hall—8:30 a. m.

Joint Session of Officers, Tabernacle—10:30 a. m.

General Session, under direction of First Presidency of the Church—2 p. m.

General Session—7:30 p. m.

Sunday Evening Joint M. I. A. Program, June

BRIGHAM YOUNG

BY LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

Through the courtesy of the General Boards M. I. A., the joint M. I. A. programs for Sunday, June 1, are to be devoted to the life and work of President Brigham Young, by the Mutual Improvement Associations. It is recommended that suitable music be prepared, including the rendering of the hymn. "Come, come, ye Saints."

Officers should choose some good speakers to give different phases of the life of the Founder of Utah. The following topics are suggestive:

Brigham Young as a leader of his people; as a statesman; as a colonizer; as a prophet of God.

Or, let some one give a lecture on the Life of Brigham Young and take up the entire time. The following will give some good ideas as to his work:

As Colonizer

David Starr Jordan has said that "Stability of national character goes with foot-hold on the soil," and Theodore Roosevelt has declared that, "Throughout our history, the success of the home-maker has been but another name for the upbuilding of the nation." Brigham Young first directed his people to the reclamation of the soil, for, said he, "Agriculture is the highest safeguard to all good government, and the surest means for building of civic, social, and intellectual life." The only self-sufficient vocation of man is that of working the earth and utilizing its products in human society. The colonists of Utah in the very early period of the state's history were forced, like all frontier societies, to the soil; and as products of the land exceeded home supply, markets grew up as a result. All this necessitated the building of roads and bridges, which in time became great highways of commerce and trade. In this regard, Brigham Young's colonizing schemes were eminently successful, and may be called scientific. While the fundamental ideas of colonization are a movement of population and an extension of political power, the very existence of the migratory host depends upon a systematic method of obtaining food and clothing. Herein did Brigham Young understand the fundamentals of colonizing. One popular thing about the colonizing of the American desert is the fact that the physical conditions were so different from what they had been used to, that they called for many vital modifications in their constitution and mode of living. Yet even in the desert waste, nature yielded a liberal return to sturdy effort, and the colonists early learned the law of adaptability to their new environment. Irrigation was a new requirement to make the soil productive, and fitting the needs to the conditions, Brigham Young saw readily the kinds of farms that the future farmer of Utah should till. This state occupying the central portion of the arid region, small areas were tilled, and the Utah farm was smaller than that of any other part of the Union. Irrigating ditches and canals were made by associations of farmers, who in their cooperation made it possible to use the streams that flowed from the canyons into the valleys. The people were directed from the first entrance to the valley of the great Salt Lake to the reclamation and the proper use of the water, and their success was due to their organization, which brought about system in working, and well defined methods in all of their undertakings. In fact, Mr. F. H. Newell has been led to declare that "The excellent results attained demonstrate the practicability of industrious pioneers supporting themselves and attaining prosperous homes on small tracts." Foresight and economy in the use of the natural advantages are noticed in the study of all the settlements of Utah. They became economically independent; they settled their own disputes they lived "under a sort of beneficial regime of neglect and even contempt on the part of their country", and in this were they able to work out their own salvation. The population in each new settlement was homogeneous and "politically experienced," and these together with their economic independence, helped to make of the early day territory, a stable and safe government.

The colonization of Utah under Brigham Young's leadership is the one great successful scheme of colonization in the history of the United States. This assertion may appear remarkable to one who has read American history

and ignored its institutional growth and the psychology of the American people. But the statement is true, and may be verified by a careful study of the American advancement into the far west. The economic institutions of Utah were sound, and morally very high. The people were endowed with heroic virtues, no sacrifice was too great for them to make; they were virile, industrious, their sinews became strong, and their strength increased. They had no love for speculation. They were honest in their daily labors as they were in their business methods.

Brigham Young directed the colonizing of all these western valleys of the Wasatch range. He chose men of strength and fortitude to go to remote parts and build towns and cities, make roads and bridges, and make the desert waste over into beautiful private gardens. The economic, social, civic, and intellectual life was never to be forgotten, and as he said to John R. Murdock, so did he say to all who colonized under his watchful care: "Build your homes, then your school and meetinghouse. In your amusements, see to it that they are controlled by the Spirit of God; and teach your children that in their moral and intellectual lives, all should go to the glorification of Almighty God."

As Statesman and Lawgiver

In the exodus of the "Mormon" people from Illinois, Brigham Young organized them into a well defined civic society, which resulted in a regard for law and order, and obedience to a higher will. It was an organic society that came to Utah, and with the settlement of Salt Lake Valley, there was a state in embryo. The German writer Seydel says that "A state comes into existence whenever a number of men who have taken possession of a part of the earth's surface unite themselves together under a higher will." G. F. De Martens, the French scholar of economics, says: "A state is a certain number of men and of families, who, being united and having a fixed home, associate themselves and submit themselves to a common chief with the intention of living together for the safety of all." The pioneers understood sovereignty and government; they settled upon the new land; they were an American people, all of which were the indispensable factors that go to make a state with permanence and continuity, Brigham Young in all of his work never allowed his people to forget the national government; and to it first and always, was the allegiance of the people given. They forgot their isolation in the far west when it came to the question of government. There was no sectionalism, but everything was nationalistic. The people through their leader and state convention asked for statehood in 1849. It was to be the State of Deseret, with all the powers of a free and democratic state of the Union. How well did the "Mormon" leader understand that a territorial government is un-American in its very essence. In a territorial government, the people are ruled from Washington; in a state, they rule themselves. The latter is in keeping with our national ideals. Brigham Young asked for statehood for his people on the ground of their being high types of Americans; with all the knowledge of American rights and privileges. Statehood was refused, and Utah Territory was organized instead. Brigham Young was appointed Governor by Millard Fillmore, and as the chief executive of the territory, showed a statesmanship at times that was the equal of a Blaine or a Jefferson. His state papers were characteristically American, and his messages to the different legislative assemblies were marvelous in their broad interpretation of conditions, and their humane recommendations. His broad conception of equity and the needs of the people are shown in his message to the Legislature of 1853, wherein he says:

"Laws suitable to the situation and circumstances of the people, who are to be affected by them, and for the uniform rule of practice and decision of the

courts throughout the Territory, are desirable and necessary. It should moreover be the aim of the law-giving department to study simplicity in their enactments, that every person may approach the temple of justice, either in his own defense, or to obtain that justice which should without unnecessary delay be impartially administered to all, whether rich or poor, bond or free, black or white."

In his directing the colonizing of the Territory, he understood full well the old Teutonic township form of government, and through his wise and careful policy, he was instrumental in establishing here in the mountains, the best form of civic life known to history. In all of his interest in his people and the welfare of his commonwealth, he never forgot the Nation to which he gave so well his allegiance. He put away sectionalism and became nationalized from the first. Said he, in 1856, on the occasion of celebrating Independence Day:

"Eighty years ago, on the day we now celebrate, our forefathers, few in numbers, but strong in their united love of right, declared to the mother country, and to the world that they were, 'and of right ought to be free and independent.' The oppression which hastened this declaration, the long struggle, the sacrifices and hardships that followed, and the glorious results are so well known, that I need not ask your patience by rehearsing them upon this occasion. Glancing at the past, perhaps we as a people have more reason to respect, honor, love and cherish the government of the United States, her Constitution and her free institutions, than any other people on the face of the earth.

"We are occupying a region well known as being peculiarly desirable, and one hitherto unsettled by the whites. We are almost a thousand miles from the nearest seaport. We are hemmed in by lofty mountains on every side, while numerous isolated ranges, and barren, arid plains, so crowd our surface, that but a small portion of it is suited to the purposes of settlement. In even those narrow localities, ditches and canals have to be made by much labor, in order to irrigate soil, whereon rain seldom falls from early in spring to late in autumn. And when all has been done that could be, towards supplying the thirsty crops, the husbandman is often compelled to witness the products of his toil droop and die ere maturity, through the failure of the few small streams as laboriously brought under control. But amid all these disadvantages we are trying to extend the area of freedom and to gladden the most uninviting domain of a great nation with the blessings and privileges of her free institutions. The true principles of a republican form of government can be based only in a high tone and sense of honor; liberal, enlightened, and intelligent and extended views of human existence and progress and a faithful, unyielding, rigid and patriotic adherence to the Constitution and laws of the country."

Brigham Young had political and civic problems to meet in days when all seemed discouraging to his people. He solved them, without sacrificing a single principle of justice and equity. His regard for right was so great that on looking to his character, one discovers that his idea of government was to redress evils, to administer justice, and to mount guard over men's rights. Said he at one time, this is from the journal of Joseph Young: "Every Latter-day Saint has but one right, the right to serve God and to be free with everybody else." "It is the highest conception of government," says Herbert Spencer of this doctrine.

Sunday Evening Joint M. I. A. Program for the Month of July

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART

To young people, the Summer vacation is a period of relaxation.

Vacation time is temptation time and proper chaperonage is always advisable. No other time of the year presents such splendid opportunities for

parents to join their boys and girls in play in God's great out-of-doors. Fathers and Sons' Outings. Mothers and Daughters' Outings. Urge every boy to hold sacred his associations with the sex to which his mother and his sister belong.

A Mother to Her Son

My son, do you know that your soul
Is of my soul such a part
That you seem the fibre and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do,
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or stain ever darkens your name;
Like mother, like son, is a saying so true
That the world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be this, then, your task, if task it shall be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me!
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won;
He reaped as she sowed—Lo, this is her son.

Monthly Message to the M Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD

XVIII—A Good Economist

A good economist is one who has the capacity to foresee hidden effects and consequences, and to govern his actions by these as well as by immediate and visible effects. The French economist, Frederic Bastiat, in his *Essays of Political Economy*, illustrates very powerfully in his, "Story of the Broken Window," the reasoning of a good economist. The story runs in this strain: The son of a shopkeeper breaks a pane of glass in his father's shop. One of the spectators offered the consolation that "everybody must live, and if no panes of glass were broken what would become of the glaziers?" The form of this condolence contains an entire theory. Suppose that this accident does result in a gain of six francs to the glazier—and doubtless it does, would it be advisable, or a good thing, to break windows on the ground that it causes money to circulate and thus encourages industry? Too often this is the conclusion that is reached. But let us see! If the shopkeeper has spent six francs upon one thing, he cannot spend them upon another. If he had not had his window to replace, he would perhaps have replaced his old shoes, or added another book to his library. In short, he would have employed his six francs in some way which this accident has prevented.

Take industry in general, as affected by this circumstance. The window being broken, the glazier's trade is encouraged to the amount of six francs, but if the window had not been broken, the shoemaker's trade (or some other) would have been encouraged to the same amount. In other words, that which is seen, which is the glazier's encouragement, is the only thing taken into consideration, but if that which is not seen, the loss to the shopkeeper, is taken into consideration also, it will be seen that neither industry in general, nor the sum total of labor is affected, whether windows are broken or not.

But let us consider the shopkeeper himself. In the first supposition, the window being broken, he spends six francs and has neither more nor less than he had before—the enjoyment of a window.

In the second supposition, when we suppose the window not to have been broken, he would have spent six francs in shoes, and would have had the enjoyment of a pair of shoes as well as a window. Now as the shopkeeper forms a part of society, we must come to the conclusion that, taking it altogether, and making an estimate of the enjoyments and its labors, it has lost the value of the broken window. The result of this conclusion is, that "Society loses the value of things which are uselessly destroyed." In this simple illustration there are really three persons, not two, namely, the shopkeeper, who represents the consumer, reduced to an act of destruction to one enjoyment instead of two; the glazier, who is the producer, whose trade is encouraged by the accident; and the shoemaker (or some other tradesman) whose labor suffers proportionately from the same cause. It is this third person who is kept in the shade, who is not seen, but who is still the necessary element in the problem. It is he who shows us how absurd it is to think we see a profit in an act of destruction. This simple illustration of the French economist shows beyond question the fallacy of the argument that destruction creates wealth, and also how difficult it is to perceive intangible forces as clearly as we see material objects and to weigh hidden causes and effects as well as those which are obvious.

Bastiat has, at the same time, given us a moral lesson. What seems to be the obvious may not always be the fact. People are prone to hasty judgment when careful analysis should be undertaken. Jumping at conclusions is a weakness and should be avoided. An orderly mind is the product of conscious effort, and the people on whose judgment we may safely rely are those trained in this practical way.

Weekly Sunday Evening Programs

Latter-day Saint Literature

(Lessons for associations holding meetings weekly during the summer months)

It is not intended that these books shall be reviewed, but the object of these lessons is rather to encourage the reading of "Mormon" literature by giving a talk each evening on one of these books, giving illustrations from it that will interest the public in the book, and give impetus to its reading among the young people.

1. *Rays of Living Light*—President Charles W. Penrose.
2. *The House of the Lord*—James E. Talmage.
3. *Vitality of Mormonism*—James E. Talmage.
4. *Rational Theology*—John A. Widtsoe.
5. *Joseph Smith as Scientist*—John A. Widtsoe.
6. *Added Upon*—Nephi Anderson.
7. *Tobacco and Human Efficiency*—Frederick J. Pack.
8. *History of the Prophet Joseph*—Lucy Smith.
9. *Saturday Night Thoughts*—Orson F. Whitney.
10. *Prophecies of Joseph Smith*—Nephi L. Morris.
11. *Poems and Writings*—Eliza R. Snow.
12. *Durant of Salt Lake*—Ben E. Rich.
13. *Founding of Utah*—Levi Edgar Young.
14. *Voice of Warning*—Parley P. Pratt.

Note: An M. I. A. special program will be circulated, including monthly events, joint Sunday evening programs, and studies as above for associations meeting weekly during the summer months.

Farmers Ward Fathers and Sons' Banquet

At the Farmers ward recreation hall, May 1, approximately 200 people, many of them fathers, enjoyed a banquet given by Scout Troop No. 15, Salt Lake Council, to fathers and sons. In the recreation hall there were selections by the orchestra and invocation by Bishop Thomas E. Towler. Scout Roy Pixton gave the address of welcome, followed by a demonstration of scout activities. Adjourning to the banquet hall community singing was led by Scoutmaster Doral Cutler. The flag ceremony, the Scout oath, law, and motto, were given by the Troop Committee. Toastmaster Bayard W. Mendenhall was in charge of the proceedings. During the banquet there were toasts on "Our Dads," by Ben Pitts, and on "Our Boys," by Committeeman Ray Van Cott. Chairman Casper Fetzer spoke on the ambitions of the Troop Committee. Toasts were given by Wesley E. King, president of the Salt Lake Council; Dr. Charles G. Plummer, Bishop Towler, Edward H. Anderson of the Stake Presidency and the General Board, after which a lively address was given by Scout Executive Oscar A. Kirkham. Mrs. Wilson spoke on the need of boy scouts learning to conserve the wild flowers of the state. Stake Superintendent Carl C. Burton was a guest of honor on the occasion. Adjourning from the banquet hall, a game of basket ball between daddies and sons, and other stunts in the recreation hall, were indulged in—the whole being a very enjoyable evening.

M Men's Round-Up, South Sanpete Stake

The superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the South Sanpete stake, Charles G. Braithwaite, William A. Tuttle, J. Gerald Carpenter, give an account of an M Men's round-up held on April 12 in Manti. All the wards contested in the afternoon in basket ball at which Ephraim North, first, and Ephraim South, second, were the winners. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon some ninety-three M Men were banqueted and were addressed by Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham. The M Men's spirit was highly manifest and all who were present rejoiced at being there. At 8:30 a meeting for the general public was held in the high school auditorium at which the contestants in quartet and public speaking were heard. The winners were the Manti South ward. At 10 o'clock all joined in a public dance in the high school gym, ending the round-up in a most friendly and sociable way. The presence of Brother Kirkham added spirit and interest to the whole affair. National deputy scout executive for eastern and southern Utah, W. B. Hawkins, was present also. He addressed the parents' classes of the three Manti wards on Sunday morning at 10:30 on scout work.

Granite Stake M Men Banqueted

Granite High was a scene of gay festivities on the evening of April 17, when more than 150 M Men, under direction of President Seth M. Oberg, gathered in an informal banquet. Tables were decorated in sweet peas with fruit cocktail to match and the dinner was served by students of the High School Domestic Science Department, supervised by Eva Lindquist. Guests of honor included President Frank Y. Taylor, Edward H. Anderson, Geo. H. Budd, Homer Warner, Carl C. Burton, of the stake; and Oscar A. Kirkham, Nicholas G. Morgan, and Claude C. Cornwall of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.

Orchestra selections were rendered by the Bohemian Girls, community singing conducted by Claude C. Cornwall. President Oberg introduced Oscar A. Kirkham as toastmaster who presented the speakers with mingled laughter

and sentiment. Toasts were given by Superintendent Carl Burton, Geo. H. Budd, Don Daynes, Homer W. Warner, Edward H. Anderson and President Frank Y. Taylor.

Trophy cups and awards were presented to the Waterloo ward for winning in stake and inter-stake basketball games and the awards were exhibited for baseball, male quartet and public speaking. President Taylor presented the trophy cup to the Hawthorne ward, for winning the stake debate.

Following the banquet a program of athletic events was staged in the gymnasium, featuring a wrestling match between Tom and John, two Japanese boys; strong-man stunts by John Anderson; and tumbling and boxing exhibition by athletes from the Deseret gymnasium, supplemented by comedy stunts and impromptu musical numbers from the crowd. This program and banquet is the largest and finest event yet staged by the Granite organization and all went away feeling that it is good to be an M Man.

The L. D. S. University Glee Club

This organization recently made a successful trip through the north to various cities, and rendered a very excellent program to a large and appreciative audience in the Pocatello stake tabernacle on Thursday, April 24, singing under the auspices of the Y. M. M. I. A. stake board, Fred B. Middendorf, stake superintendent; Alfonso Y. Pond, and Edwin A. Crockett, assistants; and Edwin A. Swallow, secretary and treasurer.

In Appreciation

Wayne B. Hales, who has acted as President of the Snow College, Ephraim, Utah, for the past four years, has severed his connection with that



institution to further pursue his studies. His labors have been characterized by an extreme willingness to serve. In an appreciation which the *Improvement Era* has received from Joseph Jenkins, we are told that he has been very helpful in the ward, has carried the load of the administration of the school with dignity and wisdom, and is a vigorous denunciator of looseness and wrong. "Many a boy can look back to him with respect and love because of the patience and fatherliness he has exercised when pleading with a boy to walk the path of clean habits. He is leaving to attend school to obtain a higher degree. He has not spent his life while at the Snow College in sailing in a boat of leisure, drifting as the wind willed, but he has ever kept before him his goal, and he leaves the school happy and contented, having

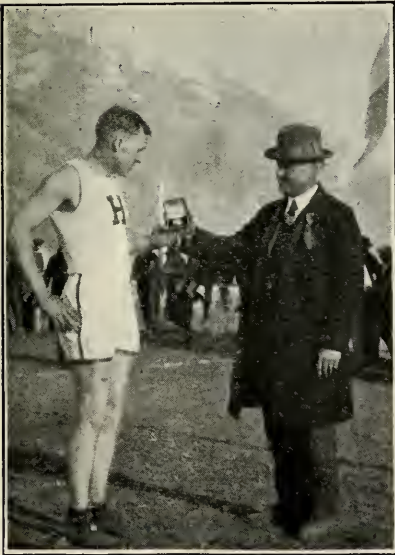
fought the good fight, kept his eye on the course of progress, and leaves his stamp upon the lives of many of the youth of Zion. We wish him God-speed in his new labors, and say to him, 'God be with you till we meet again'."

Pentathlon Contest Winner



The B. Y. U. Relay Carnival

The fourteenth Annual Track Meet and Relay Carnival, Brigham Young University, April 26, proved to be the largest meet in the history of the relay carnival. There were 380 registered athletes taking part upon the track and field in the afternoon. Counting grade school children who participated in the morning, the tennis teams, and the faculty horse-shoe pitchers, Director E. L. Roberts estimated that a conservative figure would place the number at 900. More than five hundred dollars worth of prizes in the shape of a gold watch, medals, and ribbons were carried away by the participating athletes. So large has the meet become that many classed it with the Penn and the Drake relays. Forty-two schools participated in the afternoon.



President Harris presenting the prize to Frank Beckwith, winner of the pentathlon in the B. Y. U. relay carnival.

Frank Beckwith, president of the student body of the East Side high school, Salt Lake City, was the winner in the pentathlon contest in which there were a half dozen entries. This contest was very close, the winner being determined by the 1500 meter race, the last of the five events in which the pentathlon contestants had to compete. Mr. Beckwith received a beautifully engraved gold watch.

President Franklin S. Harris, of the Brigham Young University, made the presentation.

Winners in Basket Ball

Stake Senior Supervisor Morgan Hawkes, Pocatello, Idaho, in presenting this picture to the *Era* of the champion basket ball team of Pocatello stake, including also the stake superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and Senior supervisor of the stake, reports that this team is undefeated. It has played a total of ten games, receiving three by forfeit. The last game was played with a mixed team—the 11th ward, of Ensign stake, and the Waterloo boys of Granite stake, whom they defeated. They deserve credit for clean playing and good team work throughout the games of the league. They were awarded the loving cup presented by the Young Men's board of Pocatello stake, on April 22nd. To claim full ownership of this loving cup they must hold the title of championship three consecutive seasons.



CHAMPION BASKET BALL TEAM, POCATELLO

Standing left to right: Alfonzo Y. Pond, first assistant superintendent; Fred Middendorf, stake superintendent Y. M. M. I. A.; Arthur Clark, president First ward Young Men's Mutual, and manager of team; Morgan Hawkes, Senior supervisor of stake; Edwin A. Crockett, second assistant superintendent. Kneeling: Ruel Rawlings, forward; Earl Shipley, guard; Richard McPherson, guard. Sitting: Theodore Taylor, guard; Pat Rouch, captain and center; William Allen, forward. Robert Jackson and Willard Ellsworth, regular players, unable to be in picture.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, April, 1924

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Montpelier	392	12	6	35	55	41	89	211	24	23	16	37	100
Bear River	488	12	12	104	220	162	193	679	61	64	55	77	257
Beaver	289	5	5	43	70	89	118	320	37	56	60	89	242
Box Elder	793	13	13	106	306	201	257	870	79	174	95	123	471
Cache	520	8	8	93	76	176	263	598	62	21	81	153	317
Carbon	360	10	3	24	83	59	92	258	19	25	19	29	92
Cottonwood	673	10	10	94	127	231	307	759	67	42	110	182	401
Deseret	418	11	11	80	198	95	143	516	55	109	88	103	355
Ensign	996	7	7	63	116	194	252	625	56	55	75	183	374
Hyrum	500	10	8	75	110	114	132	431	47	50	44	62	203
Kanab	222	6	3	18	21		37	76	15	13		31	59
Mount Ogden	519	6	6	55	111	141	220	527	41	42	80	125	288
North Davis	449	8	7	65	66	104	190	425	41	19	27	90	177
North Sanpete	764	10	7	58	82	174	222	536	47	20	72	107	246
North Weber	578	13	13	108	52	223	264	647	68	18	94	109	289
Ogden	787	10	10	84	117	241	283	725	64	48	97	172	381
Parowan	470	8	7	47	82	76	112	317	28	35	35	92	190
Pioneer	750	10	10	94	90	199	257	640	70	40	111	152	374
Roosevelt	327	10	10	78	88	96	116	378	51	42	46	61	200
Salt Lake	1078	12	12	136	100	165	329	730	91	59	68	221	439
San Juan	220	5	3	23	59	39	54	175	20	26	37	26	109
Sevier	366	6	6	53	94	97	160	404	31	21	39	83	174
South Sevier	285	7	4	30	44	60	59	193	15	15	24	36	90
Summit	421	12	4	76	85	125	150	436	13	21	10	39	83
Tintic	258	4	3	21	61	51	58	191	11	18	12	16	57
Utah	1464	20	20	155	216	401	560	1332	117	84	173	352	726
Weber	568	8	7	73	126	149	267	615	56	34	47	107	244
Bear Lake	328	11	9	85	92	100	163	440	58	42	61	86	247
St. Joseph	360	16	5	41	78	75	88	282	23	26	25	39	113
Bingham	590	12	8	64	143	95	120	422	43	48	38	45	174
Blackfoot	533	11	11	91	160	150	118	519	63	88	84	70	305
Blaine	460	11	8	48	98	50	92	288	36	52	19	36	143
Boise	358	8	5	43	70	79	83	275	29	32	47	35	143
Burley	322	10	7	76	158	89	131	454	59	71	49	58	237
Cassia	208	5	5	41	94	49	93	277	23	45	16	33	117
Curlew	135	6	4	28	29	29	45	131	13	6	9	9	37
Fremont	705	13	10	105	191	239	217	752	51	71	89	84	295
Idaho	213	12	8	70	90	28	88	276	58	50	12	46	166
Lost River	132	5	5	39	79	41	59	218	31	50	26	31	138
Malad	346	8	8	75	63	111	119	368	46	32	65	73	216
Benson	562	13	13	103	200	183	223	709	79	75	103	157	414
Pocatello	412	10	8	81	65	130	101	377	50	22	60	60	192
Shelley	335	8	7	65	144	85	115	376	41	54	36	46	177
Twin Falls	198	7	6	33	88	21	69	211	21	28	6	33	88
Lethbridge	200	10	8	67	104	62	90	323	48	46	29	67	190
Los Angeles	301	12	10	97	139	223	118	577	82	86	131	87	386
Alpine	891	18	18	140	156	258	374	928	120	102	130	281	633
Maricopa	270	9	5	36	79	95	83	293	28	48	29	38	143
Star Valley	351	11	10	63	30	69	42	204	45	14	40	39	138
Taylor	336	6	6	59	100	107	154	420	40	46	52	73	211
Young	102	4	1	3	5	3	6	17	1	1	1	2	5
California Mission	780	30	13	82	164	122	83	451	79	91	67	62	299

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, April, 1924

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Mts. or Teacher-T. Classes	Total
Montpelier	5	5	3	1	5	5	5	4	3	2	38
Bear River	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	93
Beaver	10	10	10	8	10	8	8	8	6	10	88
Box Elder	10	6	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	93
Cache	10	7	10	9	10	9	8	10	10	9	92
Carbon	7	4	6	3	10	10	10	6	10	3	69
Cottonwood	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	95
Deseret	10	10	6	6	8	10	10	10	6	4	80
Ensign	6	6	10	10	10	7	9	10	10	6	84
Hyrum	8	5	10	10	10	8	10	6	10	6	83
Kanab	3	10	5		5	4	4	5	5	4	45
Mount Ogden	10	5	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	90
North Davis	9	5	5	10	9	9	10	7	10	7	81
North Sanpete	7	7	7	8	6	10	8	7	6	7	73
North Weber	10	7	5	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	90
Ogden	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	98
Parowan	7	6	10	10	10	10	7	10	7	6	83
Pioneer	9	6	10	10	10	9	8	10	9	8	89
Roosevelt	10	9	9	6	10	9	10	10	7	5	85
Salt Lake	7	8	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	8	89
San Juan	8	9	4	10	4	7	6	6	6	8	68
Sevier	10	6	10	3	10	10	9	10	7	7	82
South Sevier	7	4	3	3	5	3	4	5	4	4	42
Summit	10	2	3	5	4	8	8	9	8	5	62
Tintic	8	3	10	5	10	10	6	10	10	6	78
Utah	9	8	10	10	9	7	9	9	9	6	86
Weber	10	6	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	88
Bear Lake	10	6	9	8	8	9	8	9	8	7	82
St. Joseph	10	9	10	6	10	8	9	10	6	8	86
Bingham	9	7	9	7	10	9	10	9	7	7	84
Blackfoot	10	6	8	6	10	9	8	10	10	6	83
Blaine	6	8	8	6	9	7	8	10	6	4	72
Boise	8	5	8	8	10	6	7	10	8	6	76
Burley	10	5	6	5	10	10	8	10	10	7	81
Cassia	10	4	10	10	10	10	10	8	8	8	88
Curlew	9	3	5	2	6	10	10	5	2	2	54
Fremont	10	8	7	10	9	10	10	8	9	8	89
Idaho	10	7	8	5	8	9	10	8	7	5	77
Lost River	10	6	10	5	10	10	10	10	8	5	84
Malad	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	95
Benson	10	6	9	7	10	10	9	9	9	6	85
Pocatello	9	5	8	6	8	7	8	7	8	6	72
Shelley	10	7	9	7	9	9	7	9	9	6	82
Twin Falls	10	4	6	4	7	6	7	8	3	4	59
Lethbridge	10	8	9	10	10	10	6	10	10	10	93
Los Angeles	10	10	10	7	9	9	10	10	8		83
Alpine	10	10	10	10	10	9	6	10	10	10	95
Maricopa	10	9	5	3	6	10	9	5	9	5	71
Star Valley	6	10	8	10	8	10	10	8	8	5	83
Taylor	10	5	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	92
Young	1	3	2		2	2	1	2	1	1	15
Cal. Mission	5	10	5	2	5	6	5	10		5	53

NOTICE TO STAKE OFFICERS

Is your stake reported? If not, why? Thanks to all. Let us have a full report for May. "He that endureth to the end," etc. We have with us the California Mission this time. Greetings.

Passing Events

Russian reds issued a May-day proclamation, April 26, in which they denounced the United States for paving the way for another world war.

Storms swept some southern States, April 30, causing almost 100 deaths and property loss amounting to ten million dollars. Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas were visited by the destructive tornado.

The revolution in Cuba is spreading from the province of Santa Clara, where it started the last week of April, into the province of Oriente, according to a report, dated May 5. The government is confident of being able to handle the situation.

Charles F. Murphy died, April 25, in New York, of heart failure induced by acute indigestion. He was the main chieftain of Tammany Hall and for many years a powerful factor in the Democratic councils both in the state and the nation.

B. F. Grant is named general manager of the Deseret News, according to an announcement published April 19. Bishop Elias S. Woodruff, who has had that position for the last two years, has resigned, to become executive secretary of the Scenic Highway Association.

Goitre infection among Utah School children is reported as having attained a high percentage. Of 31,756 children examined under the supervision of Dr. J. Wallace, epidemiologist of the state board of health, more than 40 per cent showed positive tests for goitre.

Marie Corelli died at Stratford-on-Avon, England, April 21, sixty years old. She made a name for herself as a novelist and author of a score of romantic tales. Her "A Romance of Two Worlds" appeared in 1886. It was followed by the "Vendetta," "Thelma" and others.

Mrs. Mary Shepard Horne died, April 28, at San Diego, Cal. She was the widow of Joseph Horne, a pioneer of 1847. She was born in Tyne-mouth-on-the-Tyne, England, in 1837, and came to Utah in 1852. She passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Pyper.

Another mine horror was reported from West Virginia, April 28. One hundred and fourteen miners were entombed from the Benwood mine, of the Wheeling Steel corporation, by an explosion. Fourteen bodies were taken out during the night, and little hope was entertained for the others.

Mr. Alexander Schreiner, a Utah boy, 22 years of age, who has been added to the staff of organists of the Salt Lake Tabernacle, is a young man with considerable musical talent. He has spent the last four years on the Pacific coast, where he has attracted attention for his mastery of the pipe organ.

The German election, May 4, resulted in a coalition of the Moderates, comprising the Socialists, Clerical, Democratic and Peoples' parties, and as a consequence it is believed the Dawes report on reparations will be accepted. The votes of the monarchists did not come up to expectation, in spite of the prestige of Ludendorff.

The election in France on May 11 resulted in the defeat of the sup-

porters of Poincare, and he decided to resign his position as premier. Lloyd George, former prime minister of Great Britain, said in an address in London that it was a great Liberal victory that would conduce to a much needed pacification of the world.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been recognized as a Christian denomination by the Victorian government in Australia with the right to perform marriages, according to reports by returned missionaries, Byron S. Collett of Vernal, Arlie V. Bean of Richfield, and David M. Paskett of Grouse Creek.

President Coolidge, in an address before representatives of the Associated Press, New York, April 22, expressed himself as approving the World Court, advocated by the late President Harding, and suggested that another world congress on armaments be called as soon as the question of German reparations is definitely settled.

Eleonora Duse died, at Pittsburg, April 21, and thus ended her third tour of the United States, which the famous Italian tragedienne began in New York, Oct. 29, 1923, in the Metropolitan Opera House. She was 64 years of age, but, as was the case with Sarah Bernhardt, she had her audiences at her feet, notwithstanding her years.

The level of Great Salt Lake is so high that railroad officials are talking of the necessity of raising the level of the entire Lucin cutoff. The Lake level, according to a statement made by Mr. V. S. Andrus, of the Southern Pacific, April 29, in a hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission, is now 53 inches higher than it was in 1919.

Edwin Thomas Woolley died at a Salt Lake City hospital, April 29, the cause being given as appendicitis. He was a son of the late Bishop Edwin D. Woolley, and has been prominent for many years in business circles. He was born Nov. 4, 1854, in Salt Lake. In Jan., 1882, he married Miss Emma Rumel, daughter of John H. Rumel. Funeral services were held in the Twenty-first ward chapel, May 2. He was bishop of the Fourth Ward, Ogden, for a number of years.

Senator Smoot opened the debate in the senate on the revenue bill, April 24, over which an extended controversy is anticipated. The Senator, who is the chairman of the finance committee pointed out that the proposed bill had gone the limit in tax reduction. The Mellon bill was defeated May 5 and the Democratic measure was adopted instead. David Lawrence, a newspaper correspondent, close to the White House, considers that this vote marks the end of party rule and beginning of group rule.

A Greek republic was voted for by the people, Sunday, April 13. The vote in Athens and many of the cities was overwhelmingly republican. On Dec. 18, 1923, King George was ordered to leave the country, pending the outcome of the movement for a republican form of government. He took up his residence at Brazov, Transylvania, and from there he sent a protest against his expulsion. On March 25, the Greek Assembly passed a resolution in favor of a republic and the overthrow of the Gluckburg dynasty.

Edward William Robinson died at his home in Sandy, Utah, April 10. He has been speaker of the house of representatives twice. At the time of his death he was principal of the Jordan high school. He was born in American Fork, Utah, July 10, 1867, attended the B. Y. academy at Provo, and the University of Michigan, whereupon he was admitted to the bar in Utah. After having filled a mission to Turkey, he obtained a position on the faculty of the Agricultural College, Logan, where he remained for 12 years. He has been active in politics and a leader in educational circles.

Manuel Quezon asked Congress for independence for the Philippines, May 5. He is the president of the Philippine senate and head of the mission sent here from the islands to demand independence. From our point of view, he said, a solemn covenant exists between the United States and the Philippines wherein the islands were promised independence as soon as a stable government was established. We now have a stable government and feel that it is time for the United States to make good on its part of the agreement."

Funeral services for Mrs. Rebecca Winters Tucker were held at Fairview, Utah, April 16. Mrs. Tucker was born in Kirtland, Ohio, July 18, 1836, and came to Utah in 1852. She married Amasa Tucker June 18, 1855. Mr. Tucker died August, 1906. He was bishop of the Fairview ward for thirty-five years, while Mrs. Tucker was in the Relief Society presidency for thirty-four years. Mrs. Tucker is survived by one son, three daughters, thirty grandchildren, eighty great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.

Iron smelting at Ironton, near Provo, Utah, began April 30, when the Columbia Steel Corporation made the crucial test, by charging the large blast furnace with Utah coke, iron ore and limestone and waiting for them to unite to form molten iron. A group of officials of the company watched the workmen busily engaged in dumping the raw materials into the huge furnace preparatory to starting the fire which will burn night and day for several years, or until the furnace needs relining or other repairs. The coke ovens have been in operation for more than a week and the product has exceeded all expectations as to its suitability for iron smelting, according to company officials.

Major Frederick L. Martin, commander of the round-the-world squadron was reported safe at Port Moller, May 11. He had been lost for ten days, and every nook and corner had been searched for him. The aviator and his companion, Sergeant Alva L. Harvey, left Chignik for Dutch Harbor, April 30, and shortly afterwards crashed against a mountain peak in a fog, completely wrecking the plane Seattle. After a long tramp down the mountain side and many hardships, they reached a cabin near Port Moller bay, where they rested two days. As soon as word of their safety reached the outside world, the U. S. coast guard cutter Algonquin was ordered to Port Moller from Unalaska.

Edwin Pettit, a Utah pioneer of 1847, died, April 17, at his home in Salt Lake City, 90 years of age. He was born in Queens county, New York, in 1834 and went with his parents to Nauvoo in 1841. In 1846 he and his parents joined one of the Mormon parties for Utah. He married Rebecca Hood Hill in 1864. During his early years in the west Mr. Pettit made a number of freighting trips between Salt Lake and San Francisco and was at Fort Sutter, California, when the first gold was discovered there. He is survived by the following children: Dr. William A. Pettit, Mrs. Emeline P. Jones, Edwin Pettit, Mrs. Dansy P. Cummings, Mrs. Nellie P. Morton, Mrs. Lillian Birkinshaw, Mrs. Elsie McKnight, Archibald M. Pettit, Jesse R. Pettit and Mrs. Winifred P. Reeves.

The Foot and Mouth Disease, is treated in a circular written by H. J. Frederick of the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station. It gives the cause, history, symptoms, differential diagnosis and treatment. This disease has appeared in California and caused tremendous loss among livestock, thus effecting practically every industry of the state. The circular is written to answer inquiries that are constantly made at the Experiment Station. It is hoped that the necessary precautionary measures will be taken so that no loss or injury may come to the livestock industry of Utah. Copies of this

publication may be obtained by the public without charge by addressing the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, Logan, Utah, and asking for circular Number 51, "Foot and Mouth Disease."

Funeral, Services for Mrs. Maryette Grant Stinson Weir, mother of B. F. Grant, the general manager of the Deseret News, were held in Ensign ward chapel, May 9. President Heber J. Grant delivered an inspiring address on the resurrection. Other speakers were Joseph Hyrum Parry, and James N. Lambert. Franklin S. Richards offered the invocation, and Verne L. Halliday pronounced the benediction. Musical numbers were "I Need Thee Every Hour," "O My Father," and "Abide With Me," which were rendered by a quartet under direction of Wallace F. Bennett, additional members being Mrs. Stella P. Foote, Miss Melba Aldrich and Paul Platt. Mrs. Frances Grant Bennett presided at the organ. Interment was in the City cemetery. Richard Bridge dedicated the grave.

Exclusion of the Japanese is the policy adopted by Congress. On April 11, the Japanese ambassador in Washington, Kauhara, published a sharp, almost threatening protest against further restriction of Japanese immigration. The following day the house of representatives passed the Johnson immigration bill, which limits the number of immigrants to 2 per cent of the foreign population, as shown by the census of 1890. This is directed against the Asiatics generally, of whom there were a few in the country at that time. On April 15, the senate passed an amendment to the immigration bill, providing for Japanese exclusion. This measure was adopted over the protest of Secretary Hughes, as well as Ambassador Hanibara. The dispatches from Tokio, April 17, indicated great excitement among the people there, the newspaper even suggested war as a possible outcome. On May 6 the Senate and House conferees agreed on Japanese exclusion, to become effective on July 1.

The new chapel in Emerson ward was dedicated, on Sunday, May 11, by President Heber J. Grant, who also was the main speaker. Stake president Frank Y. Taylor, also spoke and Bishop Herbert J. Blake presided. The new chapel is located at 1051 Emerson ave., and has cost \$60,000. It has an auditorium with seating capacity of 450, and nice amusement hall. The ward was organized January 22, 1905, out of territory formerly part of Sugarhouse ward. Millen M. Atwood, George Arbuckle, and Jesse T. Badger being the first bishopric. The first building, erected in 1906, was burned down in November, 1919. A feature of the erection of the original chapel was the making and burning of 22,000 bricks from material excavated for the basement. Gunther & Cannon, architects, planned the new chapel. Herbert J. Blake, John H. Glenn and Wilford G. Bergstrom are the present bishopric.

Vital Statistics was discussed at a recent conference of the Relief Societies by Dr. T. B. Beattie, State Health Commissioner of Utah. He stated that prior to 1905 no provision for the registration of births and deaths had been made in Utah. A law was passed in 1905, however, which provides for a local registrar in every voting precinct to register births and deaths. The original certificate is sent to the Board of Health, filed and indexed, so that information may be readily furnished. At present original certificates are filed covering the births of 200,000 children, born since 1905, and certificates covering the deaths of nearly all who have died since that time. Utah is recognized in the Census Bureau as a registration state, since in 1917, Utah is said to have the highest birthrate in the United States, 30 to each thousand of the population. The birthrate of the United States does not exceed 24, outside of Utah. Generally where a high birthrate prevails there is usually a high deathrate also. This, however, is not the case in Utah. The deathrate here is among the lowest in the United States.

Walter J. Lewis passed away at a Salt Lake hospital, May 10, after a short illness. He was a prominent character in the history of printing and book selling in the west. Born in Salt Lake City June 25, 1854, he entered in the employ of the *Deseret News* as an apprentice, at the age of 15 years. At that time President George Q. Cannon was at the head of the *News*. In 1877 he went on a mission to the British Isles in company with former State Senator W. N. Williams. While abroad he worked in the Millennial Star office at Liverpool. On his return he resumed work at the *Deseret News* Book store which he managed until 1919 when it was reorganized as the *Deseret Book Store*. He was in charge of all Church publications handled by that institution. Surviving Mr. Lewis are his widow, Mrs. Lilly Rose Lewis, and the following children by his wife, Mrs. Emily Elsmore Lewis, who died 18 years ago: Walter J. Jr., Hugh C., Myron H., Abram H. and Emily Marie Lewis, also three grandchildren. William N. Lewis, another son, died two months ago in Salt Lake. Funeral services were held Tuesday May 13, 2 p. m. in the Sixteenth ward chapel.

New deans at the B. Y. U. Provo. Professor L. John Nuttall was made dean of the college of education and Dr. Carl F. Eyring dean of the college of arts and sciences at the Brigham Young university. The appointments were made at a meeting Saturday May 3. Professor Nuttall is a graduate of Columbia university, and has filled the positions of superintendent of the Iron county schools and of Nebo district. Recently he has been acting as a director of the training school of the university. He was president of the Utah Education association last year. Professor John C. Swenson, who has been acting dean for three years, will continue as head of the department of sociology and economics. Dr. Eyring has been acting dean of college of arts and sciences since the death of Dr. M. P. Henderson. He is also head of the department of physics. Four teachers were granted Sabbatical leaves of absence, Professor J. M. Jensen, Alice L. Reynolds, T. Earl Pardoe and Vilate Elliott. To fill the places made vacant by these leaves of absence, a number of members of the faculty who are now on leave will return and several teachers will be added to the staff.

Could We See Into The Heart

Could the hearts of all our comrades	Your brother's heart is mirrored
Be presented to our view;	In the features of his face.
Could the depths of inner feelings	And its light reflected outward
Be permitted to pierce through,	From the depths of inner grace.
And reflect upon the surface	But it takes an eye so perfect
As the glittering diamonds do;	To perceive the hidden part
We would see our brother's failings	Of the love and sorrow lurking
Were a tiny, trifling part,	In that trusting, bleeding heart,
In comparison to the virtues	That we're apt to judge him harshly
Folded in that beating heart.	And deep wounds to him impart.
Could the heart-throb of your brother	May we keep our mirrors polished,
Speak the language that it meant;	With true faith and trust in man,
And your heart receive the message	Let no filth, nor rust, nor blemish
With that love so kindly sent,	Mar the glass by which we scan
That your chains would link together	The depth of inmost feelings
In one bond of sweet content;	Of our neighbor, brother, friend,
You could never then so lightly	That in judging him less harshly
Send the piercing arrow's dart	We may kinder judgment meet
With a conscience, void of pity	When we reach the realms of heaven
To that brother's tender heart.	And kneel at the Savior's feet.

Harbor City, Calif.

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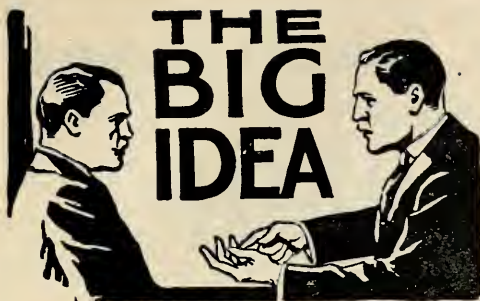
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Heber J. Grant.	} Editors	Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr.
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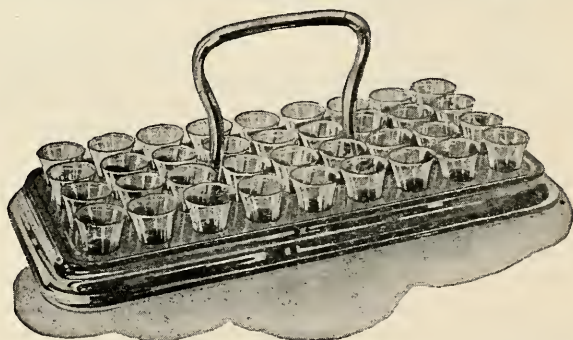
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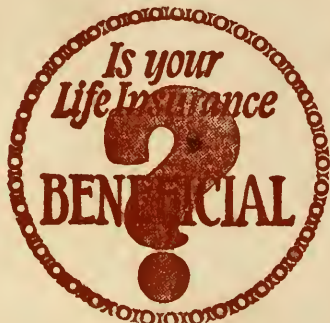
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